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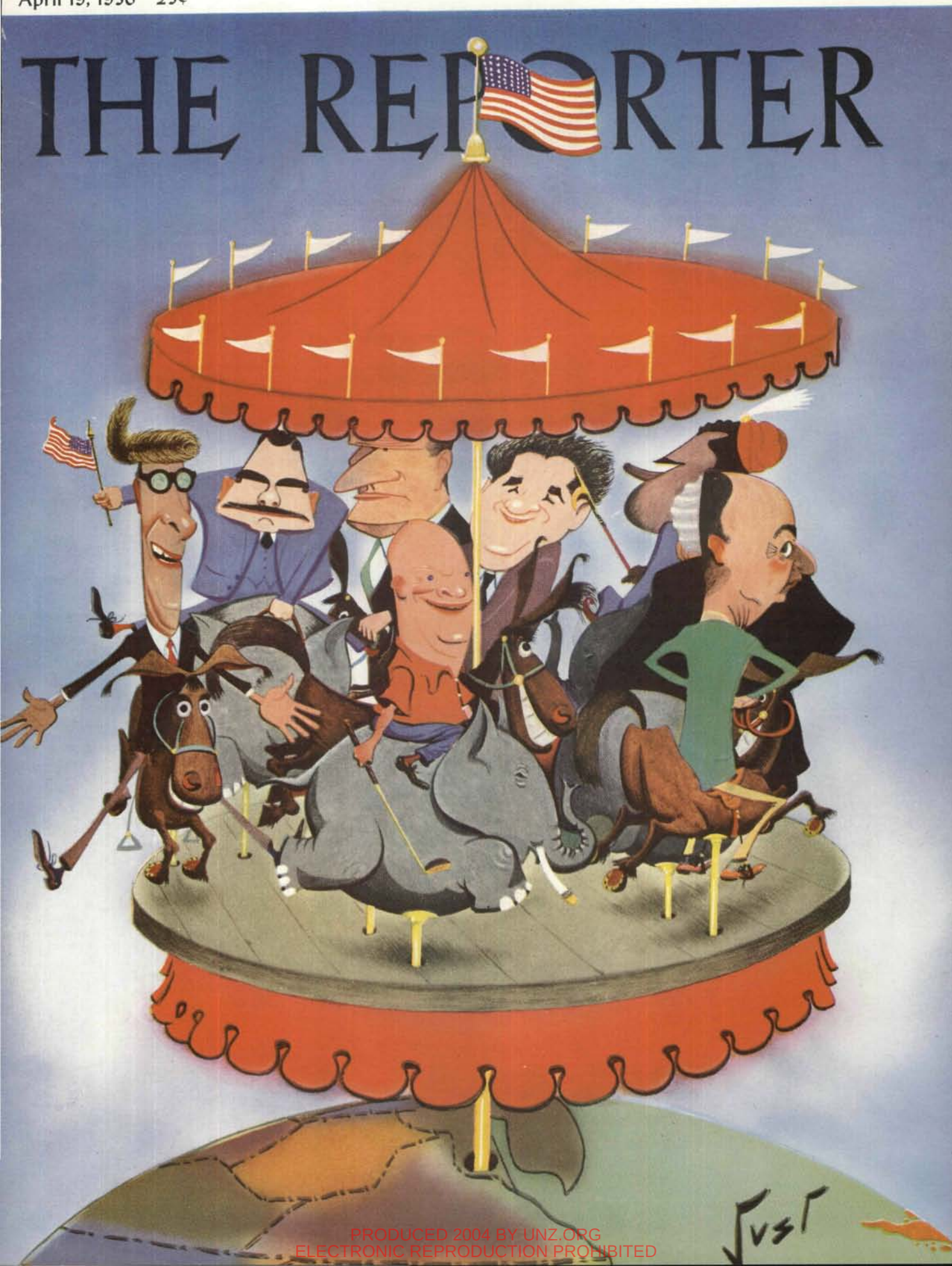

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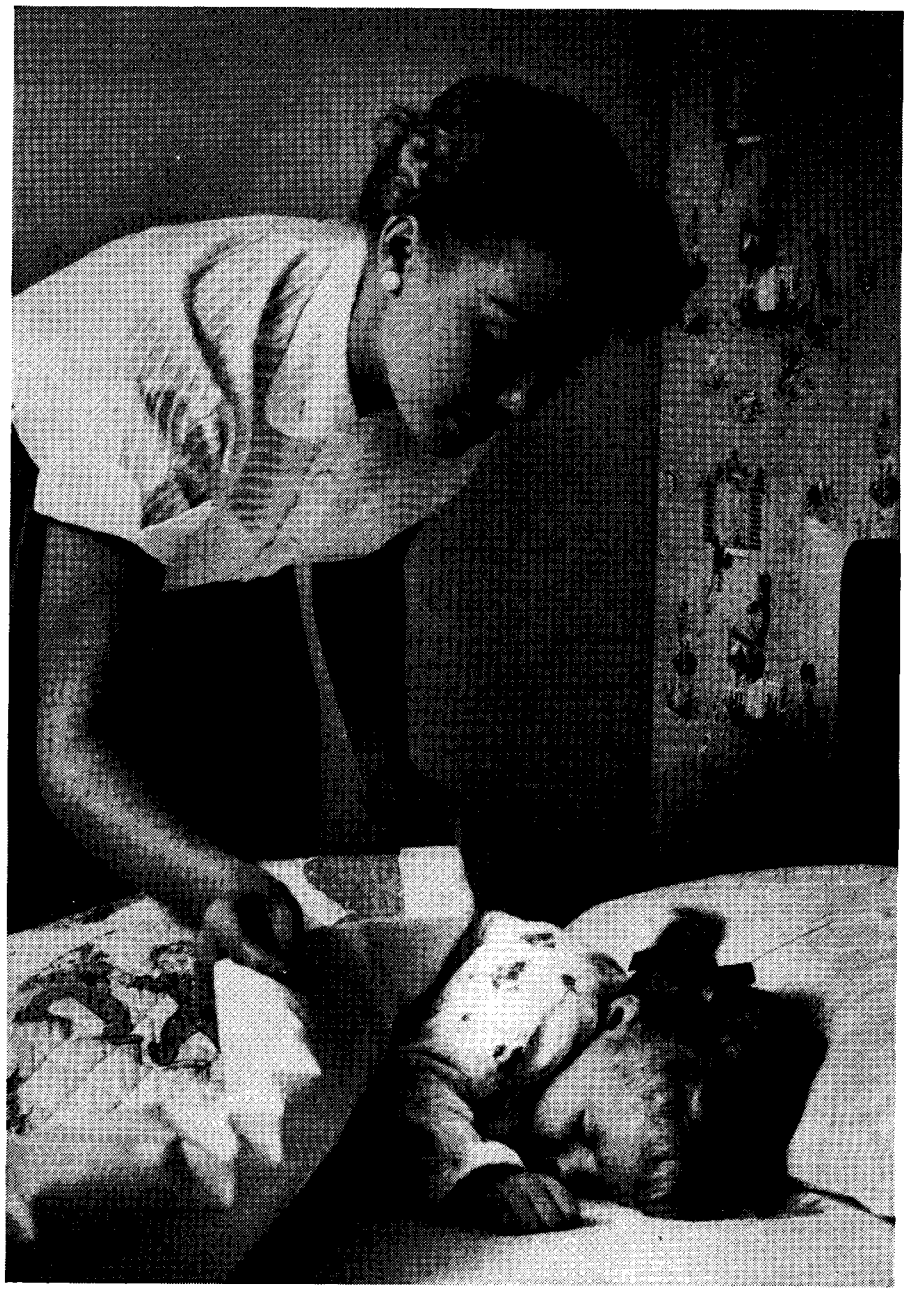

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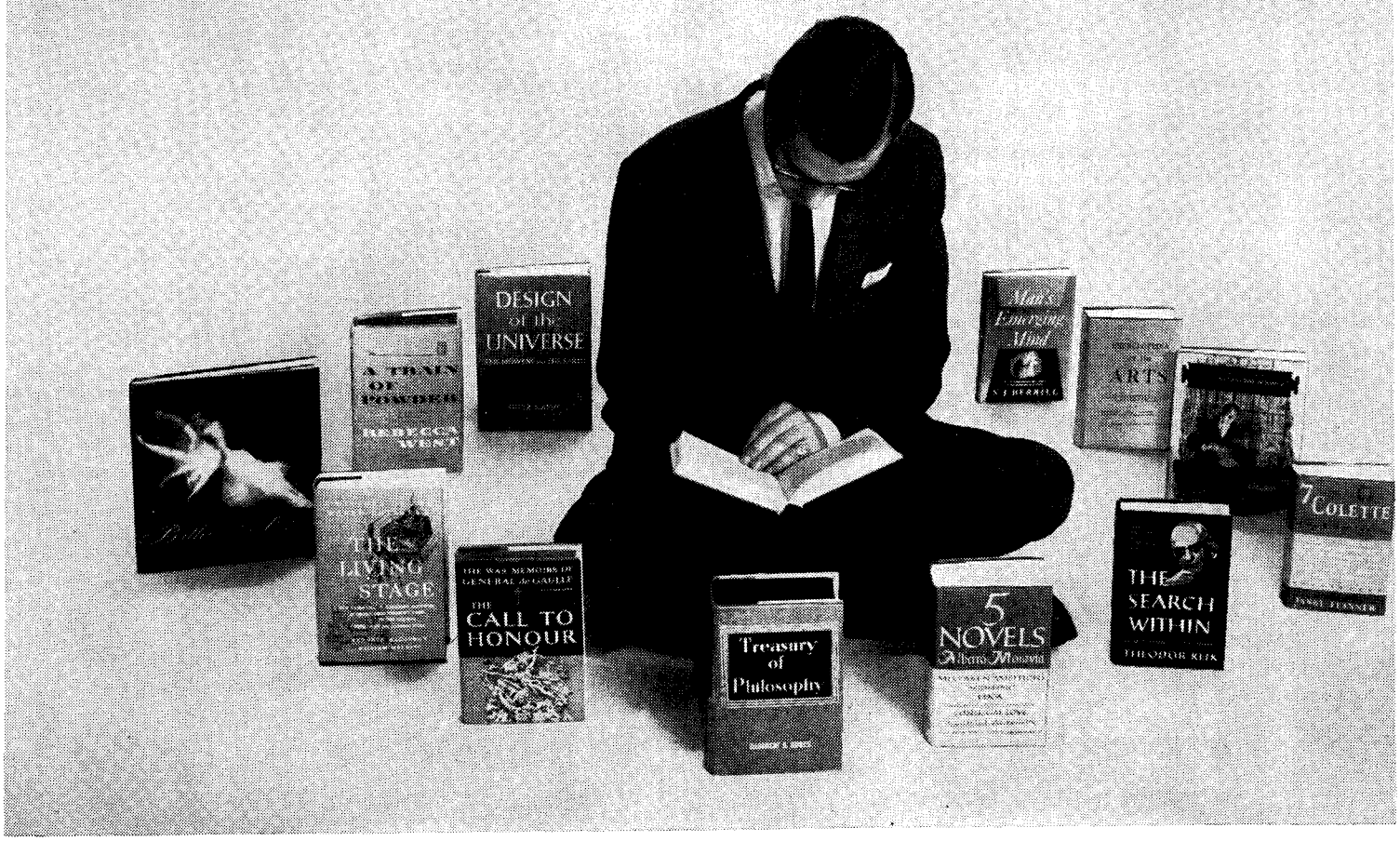

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Jackstraws

At his April 4 press conference, the President had this to say about the situation in the Middle East: "... it is like a stack of jackstraws. Every time you touch one you are apt to move the whole crowd and equilibrium is, to a certain extent, destroyed."

At his own press conference on April 3, Mr. Dulles also kept at a safe distance from Israel-Arab troubles. As usual he managed to be both detached and uninformed. When asked whether he saw any emergency in the area that might cause the President to seek Congressional authorization for possible military intervention against aggressors, he answered that "we do not know of any such emergency." Two days later there was an all-day battle on a ten-mile front along the Gaza strip. As for Premier Nasser of Egypt, whose government has been broadcasting inflammatory harangues against the West and training with Soviet arms, Mr. Dulles remarked sunnily that he felt that Nasser "was actuated primarily by a desire to maintain the genuine independence of the area—the same desire that I expressed."

In the meantime, having shipped some arms to the Arabs and thereby made the stack of jackstraws a little more shaky, the Administration has now determined not to send arms to Israel for the time being. It says it won't object, though, if our ally Britain sends them, along with the French. In other words, it's all right for the other fellow to get involved, but let's not be caught too near it ourselves.

Secretary Dulles was also asked whether the 1950 declaration on the Middle East we had drawn up with Britain and France didn't commit us to a common policy. Well, yes, partly, his answer indicated—but then again maybe not. It had indeed "laid down certain principles," but these were "so general in their terms that it is not easy to apply them to particulars"—and "of course," he added, "the situation has changed . . ."

Keeping out of trouble is surely a sound policy for any nation, provided that these troubles will leave you alone. These "jackstraws" didn't fall into place by accident. We have been involved from the beginning, both as guarantors of Israeli integrity, as supporters of the Arab states, and as vocal opponents of colonialism. As Britain's position in the Middle East crumbled, it looked for a while as though we would of necessity assume western leadership in the area.

Our leadership, however, has been more and more anxious to get out from under. After having promoted the Baghdad Pact, we backed away from it. Our policy toward Egypt has emphasized our divergence from the British position—ever since that unforgettable moment when Secretary Dulles, visiting Nasser's predecessor, General Naguib, brought him a pistol as a gift from President Eisenhower. Our decisions about supplying arms to one or the other side, or both, or none, have gone in circles. And now it is not clear whether, in the event of an explosive aggression by one side, we would intervene at all—or how.

When Quemoy and Matsu seemed to be under immediate threat from the mainland last year, President Eisenhower asked for and received Congressional authorization to commit United States forces for their defense, in case of emergency. But since we officially "do not know" of any comparable emergency in the Middle East, Mr. Dulles says, we do not have "any present plans to

POSTHUMOUS AWARD

How does it feel to be in favor again,
You killed, reviled, buried, and now exhumed
By apology?
Does it close the hole in the back of your heads, does it dry
Wives' tears, mourning the winters of your loss and death?
Does it comfort the child who never knew your face,
Unburden the brother of his bitter pain?
Tell me, you bodies stiff as frozen fish
In Siberian ice, tumbled in common graves,
How does it feel to be correct again,
Acceptable, even honored? You say you are not
Thankful that after all this time your name
Is cleared and can be uttered again
Out loud? You say you are dead,
Killed by a lie, and now
Your resurrection is a double lie, another
Shroud hiding your frightful wounds from public eyes?
But that, my friends, is the wrong attitude—
Men make mistakes, and the cult of personality
Is one. It did you wrong, no doubt,
But let bygones be bygones, and for this
Belated recognition make at least
A show of gratitude.

—SEC

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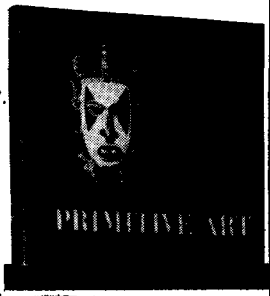

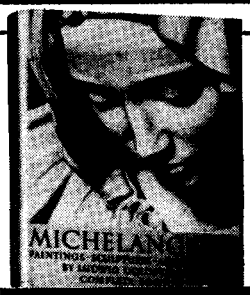

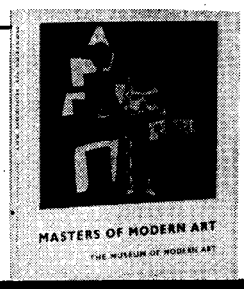

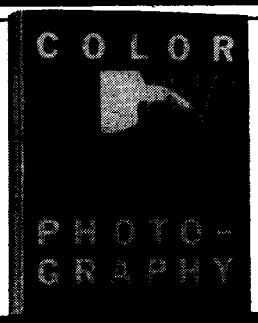

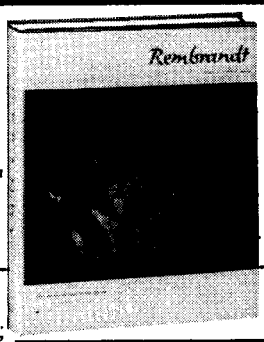

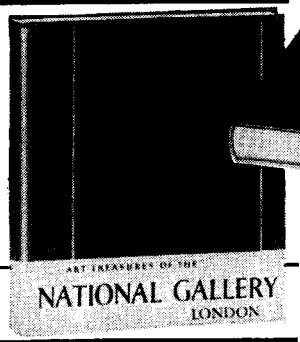

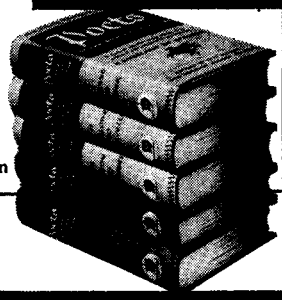

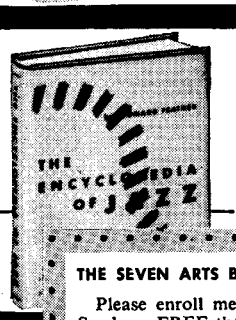

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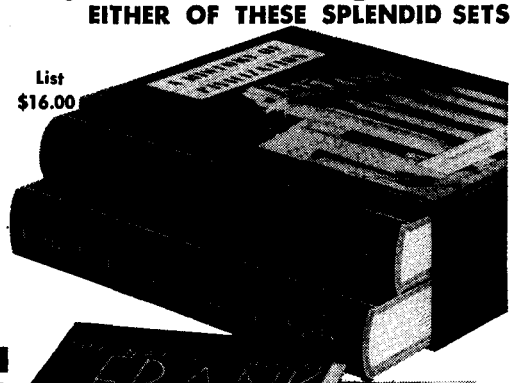

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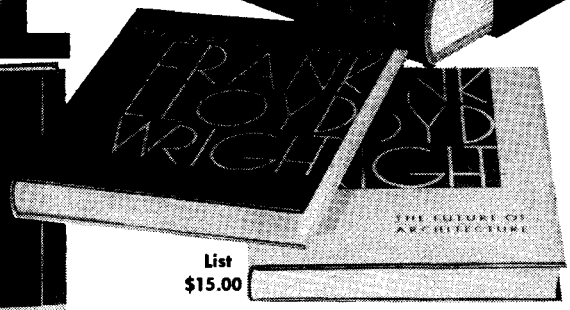

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seek [similar] Congressional action." He "believes," though, that in case aggression occurred there while Congress was not sitting, the President *could* order in American troops without authorization.

But this doesn't seem to be what the President himself believes. To a reporter's question as to whether he might order in the U.S. Marines now stationed in the Mediterranean, the President reddened and declared that under no circumstances would he send American troops into action without first getting Congressional approval. To some observers this seemed to miss the distinction between an emergency police action—whose possibility has been implicit ever since we dispatched Marine detachments to the mid-Mediterranean—and the prosecution of a war. This was utterly perplexing to the British, since they have been working up a plan for immediate armed intervention in case of an outbreak that might set all the Middle East afire.

Where do we stand at this point? Not on the same ground as the British, who have been warning all along how grave is this crisis. Now some hope is placed on U.N. Secretary General Hammarskjold's mission. Beyond that there is no agreement with our Allies and no clear line ahead. The President and Secretary Dulles just look at those jackstraws and mutter soft, quiet words. It may be dangerous even to breathe, and so most of the time they just smile.

Symphony Off the Air

Last spring the Symphony of the Air, formerly the N.B.C. Symphony under Arturo Toscanini, toured the Far East under the joint sponsorship of the State Department, *Mainichi*, a Tokyo newspaper, and the Japan Broadcasting Corporation. The orchestra's tour was a memorable success.

The State Department made plans to send it abroad again—this time to the Near East, India, Greece, Pakistan, and Yugoslavia. On January 19 the press was told that the orchestra would be setting out on its new tour in October.

But on March 23 it was disclosed that the State Department had decided to cancel the tour because of the alleged Communist activities of some of the orchestra members while in the Far East. Closed-door testimony to this effect had been presented before the House Subcommittee on Appropriations two weeks earlier. The orchestra learned about the decision from the newspapers.

THE SUBCOMMITTEE, it appeared, had held its hearing after Chairman John J. Rooney (D., New York) had received a letter from a retired detective giving the name of a person who claimed that the Symphony of the Air had spread "Red propaganda." Congressman Rooney immediately sent a copy of the letter—omitting the signature—to Dennis A. Flinn, State Department Director of the Office of Security, who in turn passed it on to the FBI. The FBI interviewed the informant—designated "No. 6"—and reported back to Mr. Rooney, who summoned Robinson McIlvaine, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs and Chairman of the Interagency Committee in charge of cultural presentation.

"No. 6" turned out to be a second violinist who had been taken on the trip as a replacement. The FBI report of its interview with "No. 6" said that he was not specific as to what he meant by "spreading Red propaganda" but had furnished a list of thirty names of people whom he suspected as "leftist and un-American." When asked to define the term "leftist," the violinist was "not articulate."

Mr. McIlvaine said that the idea was to send a good orchestra to represent this country abroad. Security checks had to be made, of course, but performance came first.

When it returned, something, Mr. McIlvaine said vaguely, happened to it. The management that had been cleared moved out and a new management came in. "Soon thereafter we began to hear reports of dissension, and when we made a routine check on the new management, it was clear that we did not have the kind of leadership that could be counted on to be good representatives abroad."

Actually, there was not much of a new management since there were only two new members on the seven-member board. Like "No. 6," Mr. McIlvaine did not make things very clear.

Nor did his interview of March 28 with representatives of the Symphony of the Air bring further light. He refused to discuss the security charges brought against the orchestra. His position was now that the trip had been called off because of the delicate political situation in the Middle East (where Mr. Dulles says there is no emergency) and because of the difficulties of finding suitable halls for the orchestra to play in. He then assured the representatives of the Symphony of the Air that this decision would not have any effect on future tours.

Meanwhile the State Department has turned its attention to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which was to play in the Iron Curtain countries. But can an American orchesta reciprocate the many concerts that Soviet musicians are giving in our country? It may be discovered that a Boston Symphony musician has praised a book that condemned the bombing of Hiroshima. In fact this is what "No. 6" had against one member of the Symphony of the Air.

Soap

There is much talk these days, when things are not going exactly brilliantly for the West in world affairs, of Morale (value of). For instance, the other day the President, offering tribute to NATO on its seventh anniversary, spoke of that organization's value in building Morale, "the most important thing that a human being has . . ."

Now comes the Cleanliness Bureau of the Association of American Soap & Glycerine Producers, Inc., with headquarters in New York, with a brochure entitled "*Soap Is Essential to Health, Welfare, and Morale.*" Proof is provided by a booklet, described as the "Bartlett's Quotations" of the soap industry, with forty-four pages of statements from eminent authorities. Among others John Wesley, Francis Bacon, and the Talmud, we learn, were wholly on the side of cleanliness as a step toward holiness.

Then maybe more soap is the answer—particularly since our government is so busy washing its hands of the world's troubles.

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CORRESPONDENCE

FAULKNER AND THE SOUTH

To the Editor: If ever the leave-us-alone liberals of the South put their foot in things it was in something like the shocking Faulkner revelation (Russell Warren Howe's "A Talk with William Faulkner," *The Reporter*, March 22). It matters not that the winner of the two greatest literary prizes would never actually do the things he led up to, and that he was indulging in rhetorical exaggeration. The problem is still there. And Faulkner has only made it clearer than a yokel howling for segregation could ever have. That problem is one of a mystical nature.

You start with a wholly rational and sane basis. You are for integration, you are for the Negro, you are for moderation. Then you add a quite plausible but—there must be no outside interference. And from then on you hang onto this like a terrier with lockjaw. And you let it pull you over, way over, till you land in the blackest theoretical reaction.

You make of independence and states' rights a mystical, all-important, all-pervasive, uncompromisable fetish. You make of your local region something bigger than any law of the land, above the Supreme Court, above justice, above the trend of history, above any right or wrong, above the nation itself. You end by declaring things that the most illiterate race baiter would be hesitant about admitting to any reporter (shooting Negroes in the streets). And all along it's not so much the State of Mississippi as the state of your mind you're now fanatically upholding. As for that much mentioned moderation, well . . !

Such a declaration as Faulkner's revolts and sets us back on our heels just when we thought we understood and sympathized with his let-the-South-work-out-its-own-regeneration thesis.

The Faulkners have only themselves to blame if more Northerners—more outsiders, agitators, foreigners, or what you will—turn in shock and sadness and disgust from this sort of Southern liberalism, this stubborn, utterly unreasonable reductio ad nauseam of the thesis of Southern independence. We've now had about all we can stand of the leave-us-alone theme.

WILLIAM E. MONAGHAN
Ridgefield, New Jersey

To the Editor: *The Reporter* is to be congratulated for printing this unusual interview. It makes clear that even the most intelligent and most "liberal" Southerner is unable to emotionally embrace a national or a Christian viewpoint on this subject, no matter how clearly he sees it intellectually.

MRS. ROBERT NEWBY SCHWEITZER
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To the Editor: As a Negro I am bound by blood to the cause of my people. As an American I am bound by blood and heritage to defend with all my resources the principles of our government. If the Southern

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white man had any vision, he would see that what he is doing is not hurting the Negro as much as it is himself. Every time an incident like the Lucy case pops up the world learns more of the truth about the American white man. His grandchildren may regret soulfully his misdeeds. The white man's salvation will be the American Negro in years to come. How he treats him now may determine how he will be treated later.

LINCOLN C. HILBURN
Los Angeles

To the Editor: One cannot read "A Talk with William Faulkner" without being filled with a sense of deep compassion for Mr. Faulkner individually, and for that intrepid band of his fellow Southerners who seek to tread the middle ground in the controversy over race relations.

I certainly have no desire to belabor a man so obviously decent, so uncompromisingly honest, who is going through an agonizing spiritual travail as is Mr. Faulkner at this juncture. And yet his position should not be allowed to gain the currency of respectability. For, with all due respect to Mr. Faulkner's integrity—a quality for which I respect him most highly—it is both pernicious and wrong.

The views expressed in this article are similar to those appearing in a recent essay by Mr. Faulkner in *Life*, only they are much more explicit here. They confirm the suspicion, earlier aroused, that Mr. Faulkner's "moderation" is not because of principle, but because he cannot bear the reality of having to take a definite stand in the matter. He would prefer to hang suspended between his moral convictions—to which he gives voice and unblinking recognition—while hesitating to translate them into concrete existence—and his ancient and parochial roots and surroundings. His "middle" position, however uncomfortable, is the only tenable one for him, apparently, and the imminent threat that it will become untenable disturbs him greatly.

Mr. Faulkner says that faced with an "either-or" situation he would choose to support a white-supremacist Mississippi because "you must believe in something." That an individual of his unusual gifts would choose to give an ultimate allegiance to a "something" so parochial, so reactionary, so legally untenable, so morally wrong by his own standards, in preference to what he himself proclaims to be right and principled, can only induce the most melancholy and depressing speculation as to what we are in for in the next few years.

WENDELL S. RICHARDSON
New York

To the Editor: I do want to congratulate you on your last issue of *The Reporter* and its coverage of the issues of desegregation and seniority in the Senate. The interview with William Faulkner is undoubtedly the clearest, the most adequate, the most complete, and at the same time the most discriminating statement of the problems involved and the gradual answers thereto that has yet been published. There are a great many more people in the South who hold these views than even Mr. Faulkner gives us credit for. However, few people could state

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them with such clear intensity and fearlessness.

MRS. GUSTAF R. WESTFELDT
New Orleans

To the Editor: Every man's South is necessarily a personal one. It is limited to the individual's personal experiences as these are shaped by his intelligence, knowledge, and moral precepts. In the summer of 1954 I received a vivid impression of regional differences within that fictional unity, the South. I was on an automobile trip and stopped for lunch in Oxford, Mississippi, the town near which Mr. Faulkner lives. I had never been in the northern part of Mississippi before. It was a Saturday afternoon, and the town square was filled with Negroes, buying or selling produce, or just aimlessly milling around. The only thing in my experience that I could compare it with were the markets of Mexican peons. Although I had lived all my life in the South (in Shreveport and New Orleans), I had never seen anything like it. "This," I was told authoritatively, "is the *real* South." Undoubtedly it was part of the South. Yet I have been in every Southern state (except South Carolina) and have never seen anything reminiscent of Oxford.

WESLEY COLLINS
New York

MR. FAULKNER WRITES:

To the Editor: From letters I have received, and from quotations from it I have seen in *Time* and *Newsweek*, I think that some parts of the interview with me which I gave to the London *Sunday Times* interviewer and which, after notifying me, he made available to you, are not correct; needless to say, I did not read the interview before it went to print, nor have I seen it yet as printed.

If I had seen it before it went to print, these statements, which are not correct, could never have been imputed to me. They are statements which no sober man would make, nor, it seems to me, any sane man believe.

The South is not armed to resist the United States that I know of, because the United States is neither going to force the South nor permit the South to resist or secede either.

The statement that I or anyone else would choose any one state against the whole remaining Union of States, down to the ultimate price of shooting other human beings in the streets, is not only foolish but dangerous. Foolish because no sane man is going to choose one state against the Union today. A hundred years ago, yes. But not in 1956. And dangerous because the idea can further inflame those few people in the South who might still believe such a situation possible.

WILLIAM FAULKNER
Oxford, Mississippi

All the statements attributed to Mr. Faulkner were directly transcribed by me from verbatim shorthand notes of the interview. If the more Dixiecrat remarks misconstrue his thoughts, I, as an admirer of Mr. Faulkner's, am glad to know it. But what I set down is what he said.

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE
New York

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MAX ASCOLI's editorial sums up the Presidential campaign now that Act I, Scene I—the preferential primaries—is reaching its climax. One thing seems certain: When the Republican delegates go to San Francisco they will be able to enjoy the hospitality of that city—one of the most beautiful in the world—without having to do any worrying about a decision to make. **William Lee Miller** takes a good long look at a man who, says the Republican high command, has not yet made up his mind whether or not to seek renomination as Vice-President. Mr. Miller's article is strictly concerned with the campaign techniques that have speeded up so fantastically this young man's rise to power. It appears that for all his folksy ways, Mr. Nixon is no less a craftsman in the coining of phrases than Adlai Stevenson. The phrases he coins for each campaign are not many but they have a rapier point. Moreover, he also knows how to dip the point in poison. This peculiar ability has provided this young man of distinction with many enemies, and not only in the Democratic Party. We shall have more to say about him as the campaign progresses.

SANTHA RAMA RAU describes the unchallenged leader of Burma. U Nu is a saintly Buddhist, a clever politician, and something of a scholar: He has translated for the benefit of the Burmese two rather different books—*Das Kapital* and Dale Carnegie's *How To Win Friends and Influence People*. Santha Rama Rau, whose first novel, *Remember The House*, is published this month by Harper, spent several weeks observing U Nu in action.

A. T. Hadley tells us that the atom is being domesticated not simply for peaceful use but even for warfare. Weapons that can destroy whole continents, if not the planet itself, are now being harnessed for use on the battlefield. These new weapons should produce a revolution in our military establishment as well as in our diplomacy together with a radical reorganization of our ground forces. But maybe Secretary Humphrey, and consequently Secretary Wilson, think that this reorganization will be too costly. Mr. Hadley is a former *Newsweek* correspondent and Periscope Editor.

Paul Jacobs, a free-lance writer, brings us a cheerful little news item from that great newsmaker, the State of California.

David Halberstam and **Douglass Cater** write about happenings in the South. The Halberstam story is grim. It is a newspaperman's first-hand account. The story by our Washington Editor reminds us of the fact that the Southern states produce not only Negro-baiting demagogues, but also warm-hearted, loud-mouthed, and easy-going demagogues like the present Governor of Alabama, Kissin' Jim Folsom.

Ray Alan writes regularly for *The Reporter* from the Middle East. He tells us that the leading role Saudi Arabia is taking in the Arab drive for freedom leaves room for a thriving slave trade engineered within its own borders. Negroes from West Africa are lured on a pilgrimage to Mecca, only to find themselves enslaved.

Paul Moor, a photographer for Magnum, has written for *Holiday* and *The New Yorker*. His article is a first-hand account of a recent trip to Budapest.

IT would be impossible to count up all the writers who, once having lived in Paris, have returned to their memories of that city. It is impossible also for that subject ever to grow stale. **May Sarton,** novelist and poet, was in Paris as a young girl in the 1930's. She now looks back at a world that has disappeared. Miss Sarton's novel *Faithful Are The Wounds* was published by Rinehart in 1955; she is the author of *Land of Silence and Other Poems*.

Sidney Alexander is a novelist and poet who contributes book essays regularly to *The Reporter*.

Our cover is by **Justin Murray.**

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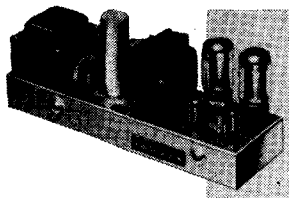

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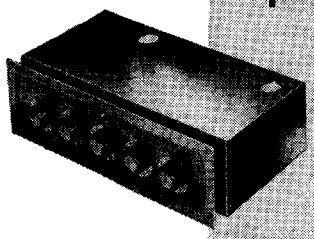

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The Not-So-Merry-Go-Round

THERE is a growing feeling of bafflement in large sections of the American electorate and not just among the millions of unattached soul-searchers called independents. There is a strident, jarring quality in the music of this year's Presidential carousel.

We hasten to say that we like the haphazard system our parties have developed to select Presidential candidates and consider it one of the most irrefutable evidences of our national luck. It makes sense to have Presidential primaries in a few states, but only in a few, and so to test, more or less at random, the response that a candidate arouses.

The Presidential conventions have developed into a quadrennial reenactment of the Philadelphia Convention, with the nation's unity sealed anew in both parties. The function the Founding Fathers assigned to the Presidential electors has been taken over by these two electoral colleges, and our nation has thereby been immunized against such blights of democracy as proportional representation, the many-party system, party bureaucracy with guaranteed annual salaries for the party bureaucrats, seniority rights to the highest executive jobs including the Presidency, etc. Our conventions provide the nation invariably with suspense and drama and, occasionally, with real leaders.

LATELY, ominous and unprecedented things have been happening to our party system. Both parties are threatened by unmanageable rifts. In both cases, the riotous, rebellious forces are at the extreme radical right.

The men in control of the Republican machine have succeeded in blocking their own still powerful, unreconstructed and unreconstructible right wing with a coup of unsurpassable brilliance. They have managed to make capital—at least for a while—out of the President's illness. They have used the President's well-publicized convalescence to enervate and gag factional rebellion. The admissions Mr. Eisenhower himself made of his weakened condition, of his diminished capacity to bear the burden of sustained work—even the expression of his concern with what might happen to the nation should a President die in office—all this they have construed as evidence of fitness and health.

Once the President announced his decision to run, the Administration faithful knew that after the long-protracted vigil they had won the game. The choice that the voters in the primaries and the delegates at the Republican Convention were supposed to make between different personalities, and maybe even different programs, was superseded by the choice one man made after consulting his moods, his feelings, and his doctors' reports.

The same technique of fostering suspense in order to discourage intruders is being used for the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination. Once again the technique of long-protracted uncertainty is being put to work. It is said that Mr. Nixon does not yet know what he will do and that he might be discouraged from running again because, since John Adams, no other two-term Vice-President has been elected to the highest office. Washington, however, under whom John Adams served, was in robust health when elected to his second term.

The fact that the renomination and, assuming the polls are right, reelection of Eisenhower and Nixon can be taken for granted does not add drama or suspense to the campaign. Neither does the plight of the Democratic Party, torn by the insurrection of its own right-wingers. Should several Southern states go Dixiecrat they will be complying with the fondest hopes of some Northern Democrats, hypnotized by the prospect of a new '48. Yet it shouldn't take much to realize that the '48 Dixiecrat movement was one of politicians, not of mobs, and that it proved successful only in four of the sixteen Southern states.

Because of his innate moderation Governor Stevenson was cast to play within his party a role very similar to the one of Eisenhower in the G.O.P. But it is doubtful whether the patching up job can be done by two men—each in his own party—at the same time.

THIS is just a report on the campaign as we see it—so far. It would be incomplete if we did not praise Senator Kefauver for the admirable statements on the race issue he has been making in Florida, just as we were happy to praise Stevenson for having given new evidence of his stature in earlier speeches on the Southern crisis. There is a sturdiness in this man Kefauver that is too often the object of a patronizing condescension, if not of ridicule. What's wrong if he likes to shake hands with people and talk plainly to them? It would only be wrong if he did it self-consciously. A political leader is wise who does not overdraw on his intellectual capital. But we cannot help wondering why Senator Kefauver talks so little about the breaking up of our alliances.

There is a resolution pending in Congress aimed at making the nations of the Atlantic Alliance a "defense, economic, and political" union and it is called the Kefauver resolution. Or maybe it's another Kefauver.

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The Debating Career Of Richard M. Nixon

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON is an able young politician who has got himself into an awkward and unpromising situation—except, of course, that he may at any moment become President of the United States. The talents that have brought him to this powerful position may some day undo him.

The chief of these talents is his ability in the art of public persuasion. If Adlai Stevenson is the high-minded commencement speaker in politics and Dwight Eisenhower the morale-building football coach, then Mr. Nixon is the bright young debater. Almost his whole life has been spent in the arguing business, and his success has been, in the language of his native Southern California, supercolossal.

He engaged in his first debate, on the subject "Resolved: that insects are more beneficial than harmful," in the seventh grade. He won. In his California high schools he entered something called the Constitutional Oratorical Contest three times; three times he won. He led winning debating teams both in high school and in Whittier College, and when he entered the Southern California Intercollegiate Extemporaneous Speaking Contest, he won that.

In 1946, the Congressman in California's twelfth district, a well-liked Democrat named Jerry Voorhis, agreed one day to meet his young, unknown Republican opponent, Richard Nixon, in a series of five debates. The first one was held in a high school in South Pasadena, and after it was over Voorhis asked a friend how the debate had gone. "Jerry," said the friend, "he murdered you."

Four years later, in 1950, Congressman Nixon was running for the Senate against Helen Gahagan Douglas, and a leading California Democrat spoke for Mrs. Douglas in a debate with Nixon. "He knew every detail," says this Democrat. "The audience was with him, and he made a monkey out of me."

TWO YEARS LATER, in 1952, Senator Nixon was running for the Vice-Presidency. "I come before you," he said earnestly one memorable night in late September, ". . . as a man whose honesty and integrity have been questioned. . . ." After the telecast, telegrams, letters, postcards, and even gifts of money came in by the thousands.

Two years after that, in 1954, Vice-President Nixon traveled across the country in a campaign expedition that, in sheer expenditure of lung-power, is probably unmatched by any in the history of American off-year elections. The President praised him; everybody credited him with Democratic scalps; Midwestern party chairmen publicly thanked him for what he had done "for the American people and his party"; and a Republican columnist voiced the conclusion of many when he said, "virtually singlehanded, he averted a G.O.P. debacle."

Now, in 1956, just ten years from the time he entered politics, Mr. Nixon has talked and argued and campaigned his way to the threshold of the most powerful office in the world. As one of the so-called "committee of 100" that first picked Nixon to run in 1946, has said, "I guess we didn't know what we had hold of. We knew Dick was smart and we knew he could talk, but we didn't know that he was that smart or could talk that fast."

A Spur to Democrats

For all the Vice-President's ability to persuade, there still are many Americans who remain quite unpersuaded about the man himself. The Democrats, who feel a special hostility to Mr. Nixon, say things like: "He doesn't give a damn about the truth"; "He's absolutely ruthless"; and "He doesn't have a shred of character."

The degree of opposition from one's enemies can be important to a politician, particularly when he is approaching the highest national office. Americans are not so neatly divided into parties that the deeply felt opinion of one group has no effect on the other.

Moreover, the strength of feeling against a political figure helps determine the power his opposition can mount against him. Many Democrats really like Mr. Eisenhower, and cannot get terribly excited about opposing him; therefore, he spikes the Democratic guns. Mr. Nixon's effect, however, is the opposite; he loads them. Against him the Democrats would unite and fight and work and give and organize and vote with a passionate response beyond that evoked by any other candidate. As one Democrat said, "If I think he may become President, I'll be really frightened. I don't mean just politically frightened, I mean *really* frightened about what it would mean for the country."

ON MOST ordinary counts, Mr. Nixon does not appear to deserve this unrelenting hostility. Personally, those who know him say he is a nice fellow. His social philosophy contains nothing extreme

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enough to scare anyone very badly; it is, in fact, a little hard to know what his philosophy is, but that's no crime or novelty amidst the pragmatism of American politics. His voting record is a mixed and mildly conservative Republican one; it has to be carefully edited by the liberals who oppose him when they want to make it seem to be something fierce. He "does his homework" better than many members of the Administration. His role in the Hiss case may not be quite heroic enough to justify the implication one sometimes discerns in his promotional literature, that a grateful nation should ever after do whatever he recommends, but still it is impressive. He appears in the record as an alert, intelligent, and persevering investigator. After becoming Vice-President he made a ceremonial trip to Asian countries that was considered a distinct success. It is repeatedly said that he has brought a new significance to the Vice-Presidential office—a claim that has been made for several of his predecessors. He has performed his role as mediator within the Administration in a way that William S. White of the New York *Times* could describe as "great, and on certain grave matters both signal and uncommonly courageous."

One can even find, from the calm between the storms of Mr. Nixon's campaigning, some quotations from his speeches that contrast with the usual list. He once admitted, with a little surprised aside noting that he was admitting it, that there had been great Presidents from both parties. In the fall of 1953 he chose to say in a St. Louis speech to the American Legion: ". . . let's recognize right now that the decision to go into Korea was right . . . on this issue President Truman was right, and he deserves credit for making that decision . . ." He also has said that "No party has a monopoly on patriotism or love of country."

Why then is there such a widespread distaste for Mr. Nixon?

How It Is Done

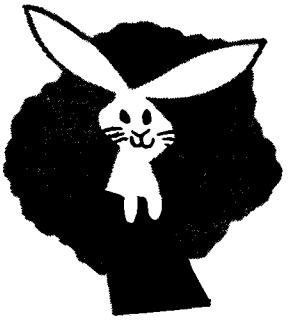
To understand the feeling against Mr. Nixon one must turn not to the substance of his politics but to the character of his polemic.

Though the early ones are now many years gone, none of Mr. Nixon's campaigns has been forgotten; each has left a memorable stain.

For all their victories and acclaim, the champions in the art of persuasion, from the days of the sophists to our own, have been under a bit of a shadow. After the applause has died down and a more reflective mood has set in, one is never sure just where conviction ended and sheer artistry began. In our time these ancient doubts have taken on a new dimension, as the persuasion of men in the mass has become not just an art but a science. Mr. Nixon, in the practice of that science, has gathered not only laurels but also the antagonism that men feel toward its more unrestrained practitioners.

Almost everybody has been made to look the fool by a glib debater, or been sold something he didn't want by a fast-talking salesman, or been put in the wrong before a crowd by the "sincere" and emotional appeal of an opponent. Such experiences are remembered when one listens to Richard Nixon.

Mr. Nixon's success has been extravagantly admired. His friend and campaign manager, Murray Chotiner, who is credited with developing many of the Nixon tech-



niques, has been sent on a tour to tell Republicans how it is done. Mr. Nixon himself has given lectures on the subject, with such advice as: "If he asks you where you stand on Dulles, ask him where he stands on Acheson. If he asks you how you stand on the McCarthy issue, make him say where he stands on Mitchell and Bobby Jones, on Roosevelt and Condon. . . ." But, in the long run, men are not satisfied with the technique of attack and counterattack, or convinced just by success; at the last, they *do* want to know where one stands. With Mr. Nixon, it is not easy to tell.

It is not that he hasn't taken positions; it is just that his arguing and persuading and his platform performances are much more central to his public personality than any clear political commitment; his articulate ability to sway a crowd is far more noticeable than any restraining set of values. The worthy things he may do or say appear to be, as in one of the devices that he uses in his campaigning, just the preliminary concession to truth or to the other side that one makes in order to win the audience, so that the final, calculated argument will be the more damning. It may just be a part of what you have to do to win.

Good Guy-Bad Guys

The Vice-President and his supporters have quite different explanations of the feeling against him. Nixon's own version came out clearly in the unguarded moment just after the Nixon Fund story broke, and for some citizens the way he responded to the whole affair was more damning than anything about the Fund itself: "Hold the train! You folks know the work that I did investigating the Communists in the United States [applause] . . . After I received the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, I want you folks to know —and I'm going to reveal it today for the first time—I was warned that if I continued to attack the Communists and crooks in the government that they would continue to smear me. . . ." An essential part of Mr. Nixon's presentations is to present those who oppose him as an assortment of evil types—Communists, left-wingers, crooks—while his own resistance to them on the side of good is cast in the most personal and dramatic terms.

The current biography entitled, with admirable succinctness, *Nixon,* and written by the subject's friend, Ralph de Toledano, is a longer and more sophisticated development of that same heroic, good guy-bad guys theme. This sympathetic biography of him is composed in large part of attacks on his critics.

Sometimes this attack proceeds from very dark assumptions; Toledano says that "Nixon is hated most by those who most hate themselves." This strange item of high psychology is just tossed off in passing and not

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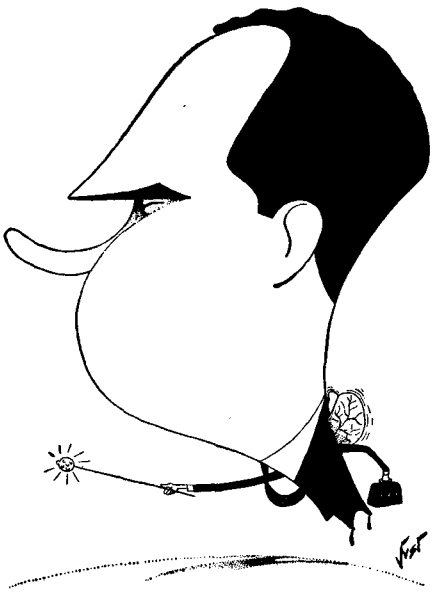
explained. But the main thrust of his argument is that his admired subject is disliked by left-wing intellectuals because, in two instances, the Nixon Fund and the Hiss case, he showed them to be wrong.

THE FUND MATTER, however, was hardly a case of showing "intellectuals" to be "wrong"; it may have been a case of showing them to be in the minority, but that is hardly the same thing. It is interesting that Mr. Nixon's biographer should not notice the distinction, and, apparently like his subject, should conclude that right and wrong are determined by Hooper ratings.

The questions raised by the Fund were not answered in the famous telecast, but were smothered in references to cloth coats, St. Patrick's Day, and Alger Hiss, and by elaborate details of the Nixon family finances. From the television speech and subsequent information about Mr. Nixon, a reader comes to feel he knows the Nixons' financial situation better than his own; there is even a little, faintly socialistic, complaint by Mrs. Nixon, possibly reflecting her background as a Democrat, about the prices that doctors charge the family now that its head is Vice-President. But all this is irrelevant; the question about the Fund, to paraphrase a distinction that Mr. Nixon made about Adlai Stevenson in 1952, does not have to do with Nixon's personal honesty, but with his *judgment*: He accepted a special fund from one segment of his constituency as a "salesman against socialism," and may thus have obligated himself to their ideological position. Amid all the dramatic, personal, and emotional details, that main question went unnoticed. Another debating device that can be learned from Mr. Nixon is that it is better to deal with an irrelevancy on which one can make an effective performance than with a relevant point on which one may be less compelling.

As to the Hiss case, the feeling of resentment that Mr. Toledano describes fastened much more on Whittaker Chambers than on Nixon. The doubts about Mr. Nixon began with the 1946 campaign before there *was* any Hiss case; they have grown with the 1950, 1952, and 1954 campaigns without reference to that case. They



exist among conservatives—one who has felt them so deeply that he avoided contact with Mr. Nixon after the 1954 election, and who said that Mr. Nixon's "name is mud," is Speaker Sam Rayburn. They are pretty widespread. The poll takers, when they were wondering if Mr. Nixon might run for President, found him running behind either Stevenson or Kefauver; Walter Davenport of *Collier's* recently crossed the country asking people about politics, and reported thus: "Nixon? The noes ran down the line like echoes. No Nixon. Why? Too young. Too emotional. Too slick. Not enough experience. Only now and then, from California to New Hampshire, was I to find Nixon votes. . . . Lacked stature. Just another opportunist. Didn't look the part. Just another slick politician."

'Mr. Republican?'

The other characteristic of Mr. Nixon's public personality, related to his debating, also bears both a secret of his rapid rise to power and a possibility of his defeat: that is his ability to fit any of the major factions of his party while being identified with none. Even more than Mr. Eisenhower, he transcends the old, still bitter Dewey-Taft split in the party—and even the division over McCarthy. He manages to keep in touch with all sides of the party; he has been described by various commentators on his Vice-Presidency as "a bridge," "cement," and "a broker" among the different factions; this magazine once said he was "all things to all Republicans." But whereas Mr. Eisenhower transcends the factions of his party by touching upon simple, clear, often platitudinous values that all Americans share, Mr. Nixon rises above the factions by emphasizing the practical necessities that all Republicans share; where Mr. Eisenhower comes close to finding the common denominator for the country, Mr. Nixon finds the common denominator for Republicans. That means most certainly the attack upon Democrats; on that all Republicans agree, and in that, he excels.

Mr. Nixon is thus perhaps deserving, as has been suggested, of Mr. Taft's old label, "Mr. Republican." On him, however, it would mean something quite different. Where Taft defined Republicanism by a distinct philosophy to which he tried manfully, though unsuccessfully, to get the party to conform; and where he looked on those "me-too" New Deal Republicans who did not hold to his orthodox position as some kind of an alloy—not quite real Republicans—Mr. Nixon is not so demanding. He has no discernible policy requirements for Republicans; he takes the party as he finds it and makes the persuader's case for what is given. He argues for Clifford Case against conservative Republicans; he argues for Henry Dworshak against liberal Republicans; when he goes into Indiana after a bitter fight between Jenner's forces and those of Governor Craig, an Eisenhower supporter, he has glowing words of praise for Governor Craig—and also for Senator Jenner. He says to assembled party workers: "We've got to get forty-eight votes in the Senate and let's get that into our heads." It is not surprising that party chairmen, from Leonard Hall on down (or up) really love him.

But the support he gets from Republicans concerned with policies and philosophies as well as partisan success is tempered with a note of wariness. A Taft Republican said: "I'm not sure that Nixon is as conservative as I would like, but when all the radicals began talking about dumping him, I was for him. I love him for the enemies he has made."

Nixon has combined the sides of

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the party not by a weak and compromising middle position, but by a sustained, vigorous attack that, waiving factional differences, concentrates on the common enemy.

Prizes and Publicity

Yet he can be very winning, as when, introduced by a fumble as "President Nixon," he turned the error aside with a modest little disclaimer; he can also be a little frightening, as when he had a man who called out one sentence of heckling during a television speech brought forward afterward, held while he lectured him in front of the crowd, and then thrown out of the hall. In any case, he is full of smiles, "sincere" passages, pauses in the right places ("his [Eisenhower's] strength and his wisdom [pause]—and his faith"), and audience contact: (Nixon: "He [Stevenson] makes speeches like Acheson. Do you want to promote Acheson to the Presidency. . . ?" Crowd: "No").

His campaigning also cannot be understood apart from the devices that accompany it. In 1946 there were telephone calls that Mr. Toledano tries now to say didn't exist, which said: "I know you will vote for Nixon, because Voorhis is a Communist," and there were twenty-five thousand free thimbles given out which said: "Vote for Nixon and needle the PAC." In the closing weeks of the 1950 campaign flyers were dropped in great numbers in California cities, saying, "WIN WITH NIXON: When your phone rings on Monday and Tuesday, November 6th and 7th, pick it up and say 'VOTE FOR NIXON,' and you may be the lucky winner of a valuable prize. . . . PRIZES GALORE!!! Electric clocks, Silex coffee makers with heating units—General Electric automatic toasters—silver salt and pepper shakers, sugar and creamer sets, candy and butter dishes, etc. etc. . . ."

In the 1954 campaign, Nixon's speeches in the West correlated with booklets on "Senator Murray and the Red Web Over Congress" and advertisements asking "How red is John Carroll?" A candidate cannot, of course, be held responsible for all that is done by his supporters, but in Mr. Nixon's case what was done has been on a very large scale, with billboards, full-page ads, expensive public-relations firms, and fancy techniques, in very similar ways each time. It has always played on the same themes, helping create an atmosphere in which his meaning is understood.

Other Republicans have defeated Democratic opponents without incurring the special disapproval reserved for Mr. Nixon. Senator Knowland, for example, who represents positions at least as far removed from those of many Democrats, expresses them in a campaign in a quite different way: ". . . no Democratic Administration which follows the Truman Administration could divorce itself from the mistakes of the past seven years." Compare that stodgy, earthbound sentence with the higher flights of Richard Nixon on the same subject.

When Senator Richard Neuberger came to Washington, the Oregon Democrat gave a speech at the women's press club, with Nixon present, in which he criticized those who violate the Ten Commandments in their campaigning. He pointed to Senator Knowland, who was also present, as an example of a man who had campaigned against him fairly. He didn't mention Mr. Nixon by name, and says that he didn't know he would be there, and was just saying what he had said and worked out long before. But everybody assumed he was attacking the Vice-President, and the wife of a Republican Senator left the meeting in protest. Senator Neuberger says "Apparently the shoe fit."

'Controversial Figure?'

Some Republicans know that the shoe fits. Back in 1950. Earl Warren did not support him for the Senate, and there have been strong Republican rumblings against him in California throughout his career. Some Eastern Republicans wonder about his appeal to the "independent vote." This expert at making others into "controversial figures" has himself become one. In a time when partisans are suspect and independents praised, he may be too thoroughly Republican for the good of the Republican Party.

The President is "liked" with an affection that rises above parties; the Vice-President is disliked with a hostility that also transcends political positions. Where the President has refused to use compound words built from a politician's name, such words ("Trumanism," or, as Nixon prefers, "discredited Trumanism") are a major feature of Mr. Nixon's vocabulary. Where the President has refused to "deal in personalities," personalities have been Mr. Nixon's stock in trade.

Most politicians, unlike Mr. Eisenhower, do—and in some cases probably should—specifically mention their opponents. Plenty of Republicans have called Democrats names, and plenty of Democrats have reciprocated. But Mr. Nixon's way of engaging in this autumn sport is his own. He does not say "Dean Acheson is a pink," or "spineless"; he speaks rather of "Acheson color blindness—a form of pink eye—toward the Communist threat in the United States"; and of "Dean Acheson's spineless school of diplomacy which cost the free world six hundred million former allies in the past seven years of Trumanism." He does not say that Acheson and Stevenson are cowards or Communists or college intellectuals; rather he explains that Mr. Stevenson has a degree all right—a "Ph.D. from the Acheson college of Cowardly Communist Containment." Mr. Nixon's way is imaginative and deft. What does the word "cowardly" modify in that sentence? Just how does the word "Communist" fit in? He avoids a flat assertion that might offend some of even a sympathetic audience, but he achieves his desired effect and more by his careful phrase. That takes practice and planning.

Mr. Nixon's remarks are not, as with many blunt and adjectival campaigners, the crude, undisciplined, and exaggerated outpouring of outraged political emotions; they are rather the polished weapons of a skilled debater who knows exactly

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what he is doing, and who shapes his words primarily on the basis of a calculated strategy. There appears in Toledano's book, and again in a sympathetic article about Mr. Nixon in a Sunday magazine section, a remarkable little rule of thumb of his that is profoundly revealing: "The only time to lose your temper," he is quoted as saying, " . . . is when it's deliberate."

Planning Your Spontaneity

When you think about it, this premeditation, even about losing his temper, is a striking characteristic. Mr. Nixon has also said some interesting words about spontaneity. He told radio and television executives, in the fall of 1955, that candidates should make an intimate approach to the audience with a spontaneous, off-the-cuff speech. But, as the *Times* reported it, "An efficient 'off-the-cuff' appearance on television, creating the illusion of intimacy so desirable to win the viewers, according to Mr. Nixon, entails many hours of preparatory work." Mr. Nixon told about planning the spontaneous intimacy of his Fund speech. The broadcast was put off from Sunday night to Tuesday for two reasons: to give him time to prepare thoroughly, and to build up the audience. "We wanted to create suspense."

A political worker who has seen Mr. Nixon in action says this: Most good stump speakers have a kind of intuitive feel of their audience, so that they play by ear, trying out themes as they speak, sensing what gets a response and developing it. With Mr. Nixon, however, it is a matter not so much of intuitive rapport on the stump as of post mortems, careful polls, and trial runs. It is more systematic, more a matter of calculation and testing. Mr. Nixon, as everybody says, works hard. He acknowledged in the early days of the 1952 campaign that his principal mission in barnstorming through Maine was to try out campaign techniques. One can see them developing—the scandal-a-day Administration, the "four-headed monster that was Korea, Communism, corruption, and controls," the boys dying in Korea while Mr. Stevenson makes jokes—and as Mr. Nixon gets the most effective phrases and themes worked out and polished, he then repeats them at each town. By the end of the campaign his speech has become a veritable masterpiece

of planned spontaneity and deliberate loss of temper.

Some of his devices are traditional platform tricks: mock-serious "advice" to the opponent ("I would suggest to Mr. Stevenson . . ."); challenges to say whether he has stopped beating his wife (Will he continue the "blindness and ignorance toward Communism?"); thrusts to leave him with the burden of proof ("If that is not true, let them deny it"). Like everybody else, only more so, he uses metaphors ("Side-saddle Adlai . . . his feet stick out to the left"), rhymes ("Morse . . . Well, he acts just like a horse."), and alliteration ("Korea, Communism, corruption, and controls."). His summaries of the differences between the parties can be breath-taking in their simplicity ("The Truman-Acheson policy got us into war; the Eisenhower-Dulles policy got us out").

Linkage

Mr. Nixon also uses the device of counting on the ignorance of the audience and making a simple, memorable charge, the answering of which would involve the opponent in too complex an explanation to be grasped in a swift exchange. Against Representative Voorhis, for example, Nixon's forces claimed that Voorhis's colleagues in the House thought so little of him that they had passed only one of the 132 bills he had introduced, and that that one—here comes a laugh—was the "Rabbit Transfer Bill." This attack was infuriating to Congressmen who knew Mr. Voorhis as an exceptionally devoted and respected member of the House, but Mr. Voorhis's patient effort to explain the Rabbit Transfer Bill was not every effective.

In the Voorhis campaign one of the techniques more especially distinctive to Mr. Nixon began to appear, that of linkage. Mr. Nixon's experience in politics must have been disillusioning for a clean-cut American boy because everybody he has ever campaigned against has turned out, on his investigation, to be linked to somebody sinister. It must be very sad for him never to have had an opponent he could really treat as honorable. Mr. Voorhis was linked to the National Citizens PAC, which in turn was linked to the CIO-PAC, which in turn was linked to outer darkness. Voorhis was not endorsed by the CIO, and was surely anti-Communist, but the whole linkage was handily foreshortened to "A vote for Nixon is a vote against the PAC [and] its Communist principles."

Against Mrs. Douglas, in addition to allowing himself to wonder out loud about the state of her health, Mr. Nixon worked out and used as a major theme of his campaign a linkage with Congressman Vito Marcantonio—he had learned, apparently, that it can be more powerful to use a particular individual. The way this one was done was to list the votes on which Mrs. Douglas and Marcantonio had voted on the same side, to parade the total number, hence to equate their political activity, and to ask "Would California send Vito Marcantonio to the United States Senate?"

In 1952, just after the Democratic Convention, other Republicans were a bit taken aback by the candidate the Democrats had nominated. But Mr. Nixon, with a brisk professional competence, went right to work to find the linkage for Mr. Stevenson. At first, with the "captive candidate" theme, he made the main link to Mr. Truman, with side links just in case: "He's Jack Kroll's candidate; he's Jake Arvey's candidate, and—this is his greatest handicap—he's Harry Truman's candidate." Later on in the campaign, however, Mr. Nixon was to work out a much more useful linkage for Mr. Stevenson, one that he had got plenty of mileage out of before, and one he used for all it was worth: Alger Hiss.

AN INTERESTING little subordinate motif in his attack on the Democratic candidate was the "mouse"

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theme. Many of Mr. Nixon's edifying metaphors come from the animal kingdom: Communists are rats, Morse is a horse, President Truman is braying about the country. In Binghamton, New York, he said Mr. Stevenson was a "waltzing mouse." In a speech in Joplin, Missouri, he listed ten reasons why Mr. Stevenson was "unfit" to be President ("His soft attitude toward the Communist conspiracy at home as proven by his defense of Alger Hiss. . . . His cheap opportunism, as demonstrated by his willingness to help Harry Truman scrawl nasty words about Dwight Eisenhower on any convenient back fence. . . ."), and included among them this one: "his mouselike dependence on Harry Truman." In a speech in East St. Louis he gave the "black record" of Stevenson in Illinois, contrasted him with Eisenhower, and ended with these stirring words: "The choice that must be made is whether we want to select as President of the United States a man or a mouse!" As one of the newsmen who covered his trip reported, laconically, Mr. Nixon does *not* speak over the head of his audience.

Mr. Nixon's attacks have an intensely personal quality; other political figures call each other names, but usually just in the line of political duty, without overtones of real derogation of the other's character as a private citizen. Mr. Nixon's remarks, though, suggest that there is far more wrong with their target than just that he holds the wrong political position. For example, he has dwelt on the theme that Mr. Stevenson is "unfit" for the Presidency. In a speech wholly devoted to that subject, one reason was that his subject had a "character weakness that could prove fatal at this moment of history."

On the eve of the elections of 1954, Mr. Nixon issued a statement responding to a Stevenson speech in which he said: "Mr. Stevenson proved again that thirty-four million Democrats, Republicans, and independents were right when they found him unfit to be President in 1952." That is an interesting interpretation of what voters were doing when they voted for the Republican candidates, a little insulting to all concerned. One would have thought that some of these thirty-four million decided that, as between two "fit" candidates, they preferred Mr. Eisenhower.

SOME QUOTATIONS FROM NIXON'S 1954 CAMPAIGN

September 22, Duluth: If the Democrats were put in control of the Congress, Nixon said, they would see to it that the Eisenhower program was "stopped at midmark—stopped cold, flat, and with malice aforethought."—Des Moines *Register*.

September 29, Averill Park, New York: "Ike," said Nixon, "found fair and effective means to smash the Communist conspiracy at home, to rout out the corruption that was gnawing like a cancer at the structure of our Federal Government and to halt the dangerous leftward swing towards Socialism."—New York *Daily News*.

October 11, Richmond, California: "The previous Administration's lack of understanding of the [Communist] danger and its failure to deal with it firmly abroad and effectively at home has led to our major difficulties today. The previous Administration unfortunately adopted policies which were soft, vacillating, and inconsistent in dealing with the Communist threat.

"Abroad, this type of policy contributed to the loss of 600 million people to the Communists in seven years. It contributed to the loss of China and if China had not gone Communist there would have been no war in Korea.

"At home we saw the results of the previous Administration's blindness on this issue in the flow of secret State Department documents to the Communists through the Hiss and Bentley espionage rings, and in turning over of our atomic secrets to the Russians in such volume that they were able to develop the atomic bomb . . . years before they would have without the assistance of their Communist agents in the United States."—Contra Costa, California *Gazette*.

October 18, Washington: "The people realize that the alternative [to a Republican 84th Congress] is a Congress unfriendly to President Eisenhower's Administration—under the thumb of the A.D.A. left wing, which captured the Democratic Party at Chicago in 1952, and which is masterminding the current campaign. The people know from bitter experience that this clique is notoriously soft on the Communist threat at home and is blatantly advocating socialization of American institutions."—Baltimore *Sun*.

October 24, Las Vegas: Vice President Richard M. Nixon says that if a Congress of Adlai Stevenson's choosing is elected "the security risks which have been fired by the Eisenhower Administration will all be hired back." He said the 1952 Democratic Presidential candidate "has not changed since he testified for Alger Hiss."—U. P. dispatch.

October 27, Los Angeles: "There is nothing the Communists would like better than a return to the Acheson policy of weakness, inconsistency, and compromise" or a return to "the Truman loyalty program under which Communist agents were cleared and hired."

November 1, Denver: "Ninety-six per cent of the 6,926 Communists, fellow travelers, sex perverts, people with criminal records, dope addicts, drunks, and other security risks removed under the Eisenhower security program were hired by the Truman Administration. What are they trying to cover? The terrible ignorance and blindness of the Administration which shielded Harry Dexter White, which tried to cover up the treachery of Alger Hiss, and which in case after case refused to heed the warnings of the FBI and promoted rather than fired those with Communist records."—New York *Times*.

Some Stage Settings

It is not just opposing candidates, but the whole of the opposing party, that, in Mr. Nixon's campaigning, is connected with a sinister set of images. (Mr. Nixon said he possesses a "secret memorandum" to California Communist Party leaders, directing them to "fight out the issues within the ranks of the Democratic Party.") A major and continuing effort in Mr. Nixon's public presentations has been to connect the Democratic Party with war, subversion, and darkness. As a man trained to the platform, he heads straight for those issues on which the deepest emotions can be aroused: the blood

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of "our boys" in Korea, and Communist spies in our government on the one side; peace, morality, innocence, and Eisenhower on the other—and all in the starkest terms. Part of this is done explicitly. But perhaps the more important part is done implicitly.

It is the essence of Mr. Nixon's method to say something without saying it. This can be done by a drumfire of adjectives and associations resolutely and incessantly connecting one's opponents with all that is bad and one's own side with all that is good. It is like the advertising device of making hidden associations by repeatedly showing one's product in pleasant surroundings—walls papered, teeth bright, people happy—and the situation without the product dismal in every way. It is crucial that these associations be repeated and repeated, drumming them into the hearer's subconscious. In Mr. Nixon's lexicon, for example, Americans for Democratic Action—an organization about which it may be assumed that ninety per cent of Mr. Nixon's audience really know nothing at all—is always a "clique"; the way it "ruled" the Democratic Convention in 1952 was always "ruthlessly." Here is a passage from Mr. Nixon that shows how it builds: "Stevenson's is a slave-labor program hammered together by a union clique that wants to continue holding workingmen captive to their selfish whim." In one short sentence Mr. Stevenson is associated with "slave labor," "hammered together," a "clique" (any organization on the other side from Mr. Nixon is a "clique"), "captive," and not just ordinary whims but "selfish" whims.

Here is another that throws in a little of the advertising man's appeal to the testimony of unnamed experts: "Let me speak tonight of Adlai the Appeaser, the man whose slavish devotion [not just his ordinary devotion] to the dubious foreign policy of Truman and Acheson could bring on World War III. This is not idle scare talk. Seasoned experts, men who know, firmly believe the Truman Administration is writing the ticket for another global war—which could well destroy the world as we know it." In addition to endangering the world as we know it, Mr. Stevenson and the Democrats are likened to those who appeased Hitler: "What we are seeing now is a tragic return to the gray days of 1938-39, when another dictator was being appeased by another set of confused little men. Remember Hitler? The appeasers thought they could 'contain' him by giving him Czechoslovakia. . . . It brought the bloodiest war in the history of mankind."

Mr. Nixon said all this in a speech in Evansville, Indiana, in which he gave his warm endorsement to Senator Jenner. He explained about Adlai Stevenson holding his Ph.D. from Dean Acheson's college, and gave a list of Democratic foreign-policy "failures," well covered with adjectives. "Saddled with such a heritage of complete failure, even Superman himself would fail. Few would call Adlai Stevenson a superman." Not content with that, Mr. Nixon added that the Democrats' choice was a "second-rate Presidential candidate."

Tricks With Words

The finesse in Mr. Nixon's work is sometimes lost on unappreciative souls like Harry Truman, who persists in thinking that he was called a traitor, when of course Mr. Nixon really didn't say just that; sometimes it is lost upon a too unimaginative public and press also, and someone has to follow after Mr. Nixon to explain his work:

In Oil City, Pennsylvania, in 1952, Mr. Nixon said that Mr. Eisenhower would have only one test: "Is it good for America?" "Compare that," he said, "with Harry Truman, Harry Vaughan, RFC Dawson, O'Dwyer, and all the rest of these crooks and these incompetents." Reporters asked his press secretary, James Bassett, whether Mr. Nixon really meant to call the President of the United States a crook. Mr. Bassett reported back that Mr. Nixon meant that in the Administration around Mr. Truman there were crooks and incompetents, and that Mr. Truman was one of the incompetents.

In 1954, in Van Nuys, California, Mr. Nixon told about a "dangerous well-oiled scheme" with "plans for . . . socialized medicine, socialized housing, socialized agriculture, socialized water and power, and . . . atomic energy." "When the Eisenhower Administration came to Washington on January 20, 1953," he said, "we found in the files a blueprint for socializing America." His press officer said later that he was not referring to any specific documents in using the term "blueprint" but was just using figurative language to describe the philosophy and proposals of President Truman.

In 1954, Mr. Nixon said, in Minneapolis, Omaha, and many other cities, that "the Eisenhower Administration has kicked out the Communists and fellow travelers and security risks not by the hundreds but by the thousands." A press report said he gave this sentence very carefully. When Stephen Mitchell said that Nixon lied in claiming that Communists had been kicked out by the thousands, since only a handful of those who had been kicked out might conceivably be labeled as "subversive." Nixon's aides pointed to the words "security risks" which, including anyone against whom there was derogatory information of almost any kind, accounted for the thousands.

In February this year, the Vice-President in a Lincoln Day speech spoke of Republican accomplishments on civil rights, of the decision of the Supreme Court under a "Great Republican Chief Justice, Earl Warren." To the immediate indignation that he would make a partisan claim for a Supreme Court decision, his defender David Lawrence solemnly answered that there was an unquoted comma between the words "Republican" and "Chief," which separated the party designation from the office.

THE NICETIES of punctuation and phraseology become very important when one is dealing in blueprints that turn out to be only figurative, crooks that turn out to be just incompetents, Communists that turn out to be just someone who went on a bat, and party accomplishments that just happen to have, incidentally put in their midst, a Supreme Court decision.

When a man has built his career this way, it is not surprising that many people do not relish the thought of his becoming President.

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Peace, Rice, Friendship, And the Burma of U Nu

SANTHA RAMA RAU

AT FOUR o'clock every morning, U Nu, the Prime Minister of Burma, gets up from his wooden bed in a small, sparsely furnished, white-washed room and begins an hour and a half of meditation and prayer. His private suite consists of his bedroom, an equally modest study, a narrow cloister built of wood and fiberboard with small windows placed above eye level so that no outside view will prove distracting as he walks up and down in meditation, and the private shrine. There, in front of his three images of Buddha, one of brass, one of a beautiful eighteenth-century gilded wood, and one of alabaster, U Nu makes the correct offerings of water and bowls of rice.

Looking rather like a Buddha himself with a round, serene face and a faintly smiling mouth, he sits on a straw mat and prays and reads the scriptures. Until this is done he doesn't feel able to begin his official day, for U Nu, like the modern Asian whom he most admired, Mahatma Gandhi, represents a peculiarly Asian type of leader, a man who, in both personal and national affairs, puts his greatest reliance on the power of religion and spiritual principle, but who is, at the same time, a man of sharp political acumen.

He tells you with an almost childlike candor, "I want to lead a quiet life, to dream and put my dreams in writing. My highest ambition was to be a schoolteacher—a village schoolteacher; I didn't even aspire to a city." However, in the eight and a half years since he became Prime Minister of Burma U Nu has managed to quell a Communist-led rebellion, reorganize his government on socialist lines, embark on ambitious schemes for a welfare state, formulate an independent foreign policy, and make his country a growing and respected force in Southeast Asian politics. But the project that interests him most, he says, is the international Buddhist revival that he has sponsored. "You think my political position is strong? It is because my religious position is stronger."

THERE IS abundant evidence both of the strength and of the popularity of his position. Prime Minister Nehru of India has twice visited U Nu in Rangoon. Chou En-lai stayed over as an official guest on his way back from the Geneva Conference in June, 1954. The King of Cambodia made a state visit in November of the same year. Thailand's government recently pledged its friendship to Burma and asked for closer trade relations. Meanwhile, U Nu himself has played an influential part in three major Asian conferences—at Colombo, in Bogor, and in Bandung. He made a three-week visit to Mao Tse-tung and Ho Chih Minh in December, 1954, and later visited South Vietnam and other Southeast Asian countries.

Burma's strategic importance is fairly obvious. It shares a long frontier with China, another with India and East Pakistan, and yet another with still troubled Malaya. Its cultural and religious ties extend throughout Southeast Asia and beyond to the Buddhist countries of the Far East. What happens in Burma will inevitably be a powerful influence—possibly a decisive one—on the future and ideologies of Southeast Asia. This is recognized as clearly by the leaders of other international powers as by U Nu himself. It is significant that last year he accomplished an unprecedented amount of travel as a distinguished visitor in other countries—among them Israel, Japan, Yugoslavia, the United States, and Russia.

Devotions and the Movies

In his daily life Burma's Prime Minister appears to be an almost transparently artless individual. Every morning after his devotions he sets out for a four-mile walk. These walks are famous in Rangoon. Early risers in the city often see him striding purposefully about, a stocky, ordinary-looking figure in a cotton *longyi* and plain jacket, halting a startled milkman to say, "How are you, Uncle?" or standing in front of the university's convocation hall gazing with a worried expression at the condition of the walls and exploring a large crack in the plaster with his walking stick.

His official day begins at eight o'clock and is filled with interviews, Cabinet meetings, press conferences, and the usual government routine until evening. If no official functions are scheduled, the Prime Minister tries to spend part of his time in reading—one of his most persistent complaints about the rigors of public life is that he has not had time to reread Bernard Shaw—but almost better than anything else he likes to go to the movies. He always goes to the 6:30 show and often simply turns up unannounced at the box office to buy his ticket. His taste generally runs to the glossier productions of Hollywood, as well as Burmese village stories with plenty of music and dancing. He enjoys watching the dances on the films, and whenever the occasion arises, he participates in dances himself. An enthusiastic athlete—a boxer and tennis player in his younger days, and now a swimmer and oarsman—he enters into sports with great verve.

If the combination of devout Buddhist practice and determined sportiness seems an odd mixture in a Prime Minister, it is only the foreigners who are surprised. To the Burmese both aspects of U Nu's character represent qualities that they consider necessary to a leader—high principles and something that they call being "a Burmese Burman." In Burma, as in so much of

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Asia, the sting of colonialism is not quite dead. Many Burmans prefer a leader who does not, as an admirer put it, "know ballroom dancing and drink whisky-soda."

As a young man U Nu was the despair and shame of his father, a small-town merchant. He was, he claims, a drunkard by the time he was twelve, a "Saturday-born street urchin" who should, according to Burmese tradition, have become belligerent and intractable. Some force he doesn't define changed his thinking. Suddenly he found himself moved by the sight of beautiful things and felt the need to do good in the world.

It wasn't until U Nu reached Rangoon University that he found expression for the disturbing new forces inside him. He was known to his fellow students as a dreamy, impractical type. He read English liberal thinkers, playwrights, and economists with passionate interest, and eventually founded the Red Dragon Book Club (modeled on Victor Gollancz's Left Book Club) which published in Burmese the writings of Harold Laski, Stafford Cripps, and G. D. H. Cole. In those impressionable years he also studied Karl Marx, the prophet for impatient young intellectuals of that time.

From Marxism to Buddhism

When U Nu was graduated from the university he became a schoolteacher in a small town, where he married the headmaster's daughter, and then became apprenticed to Burma's most brilliant editor, U Ba Cho, on his Rangoon paper *Wise Owl*. U Ba Cho persuaded U Nu to temper his Marxist thinking with Buddhist principle, and for years U Nu tried to fuse in his own character two seemingly irreconcilable views of life.

At first his interest in Buddhism was mainly academic. He studied its history, growth, and influence, but to this day he says, "I know nothing of philosophy." He was convinced that Marxism was the answer for Burma and in later years worked out a detailed Marxist program for the future structure and policy of the country. In the last few years, however, Buddhism has definitely won out. He repudiated his own Marxist program in a public speech and now, as Prime Minister, he frequently attacks doctrinaire Marxism.

Two factors, apparently, were chiefly responsible for his change in attitude. One was that his two most menacing political enemies are Thakin Soe, the present leader of the Burmese Trotskyites, and Than Tun, the head of the Moscow-type Communists.

U Nu

But U Nu's full disillusionment evidently came after the war when Burma faced its biggest crisis—a full-scale revolution mostly led by Communists. U Nu still recalls the devastation and havoc of those years and the cost to the Burmese people in terms of lives and wealth. In fact he became so wary of political dogmas that today, although his government, his chief Ministers, and close advisers are Socialists, he is not a Socialist leader, is not even a member of the Socialist Party, and always runs as an independent.

The Reluctant Premier

During his earlier years he worked with many of the people who are now his political opponents. In 1935, U Nu returned to college to study law, but soon emerged as leader of the famous Burmese students' strike that protested against British colonial rule and publicly burned the Union Jack. In the following six years, like most Asian leaders of importance he spent some time in jail as a political prisoner. With the war and the Japanese occupation came first the hope of release from British rule, and then the dispirited realization that the Japanese were an even worse burden.

After the war, when Burma was at last offered independence, the young General U Aung San, hero of the resistance, formed the interim government. U Nu, though not yet forty, thought vaguely of retiring to write plays. He saw his election as Speaker of the Constituent Assembly as his final public office, one that would last only until Burma's constitution was formulated.

But that year, on a hot summer day, three gunmen walked unhindered into a Cabinet meeting and shot seven men. Aung San was among the dead. The remaining members of the young government called an emergency meeting. As U Nu tells it, "I had no desire for office, but we were both helpless and hopeless when Aung San was assassinated. We misunderstood the British and thought they would give the power to U Saw, who had directed the assassins. My party voted that I should see the governor and fight for office. It was our mistake. While we were meeting I got a phone call from the British governor. The first thing he asked was whether I would form the new government. If I had known that our party would be asked I wouldn't have accepted leadership. There would have been no need."

Chanting Over the Guns

The Republic of Burma's first independent government under U Nu was faced almost at once with rebellion on a scale that made the old anti-British strikes seem like friendly arguments. Leftover guns from the days of the Japanese retreat gave the revolt a new authority. Communists, Trotskyites, army deserters, and the Karen people—a minority group agitating for state autonomy—were all in revolt for their various reasons. The uprising was complicated by the 12,000 Chinese Nationalists who had escaped from Red China and made trouble on the border.

At one point, members of U Nu's Socialist government suggested that they should resign for the sake of

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peace in the country. On one of the few occasions when the Prime Minister has been known to lose his temper, U Nu told them to go ahead and resign and he would run the country alone. He didn't care, he insisted, if Communists or anybody else took control of the country as long as they did it by constitutional means, but he would not be bullied by "the man with the gun." When the citizens of Rangoon could hear gunfire on the outskirts of the city, they could also hear, from the Prime Minister's house, the steady chanting of Buddhist nuns relayed by a public-address system to the garden and the street beyond.

EVENTUALLY the insurgents were pushed back by a reinforced and loyal Burmese Army. The discontented Karens gradually weakened, and capitulated to the guarantee of a form of semi-autonomous rule within the structure of the Burmese Union. The problem of the Kuomintang soldiers was put to the United Nations and more or less resolved when America flew about half of them out to Formosa. Thousands of Communists surrendered and the rest went underground. U Nu admits that "While there is a bush growing a bandit can hide behind it," but except in the remote guerrilla country the insurrection is quelled.

U Nu, his Marxism by now diluted to a mild Socialism, at last embarked on the building rather than the writing of his dream—a Burmese welfare state strongly influenced by Buddhism. As his own act of dedication he took a vow of celibacy.

His two chief concerns are still Burma's future and religion. His family life seems to occupy little of his attention, and references to his wife or their five children seldom occur in his conversation.

Stellar Performances

Some of his enemies make political capital of the fact that the Prime Minister is superstitious. Because the Burmese have an incurable sense of irreverence, even many of his supporters will joke about his reliance on astrologers to set auspicious days for important national events. For instance, Burma became independent at exactly 4:20 A.M. on January 4, 1948; the sixth Buddhist Council had to be convened at precisely 12:12 P.M. on May 19, 1954—both to conform to astrological instructions. They will tell you that he once returned to the manufacturer a radio set that had been giving him trouble and consistently breaking down because "the house *Nat* [spirit] doesn't like it."

In Asia, however, where astrology and metaphysical power are often considered a science, and, like religious observance, are quite casually accepted as part of one's daily life, this preoccupation with "superstition" is not considered bizarre.

It has been suggested that U Nu's habits and way of life are really evidence of the Prime Minister's political canniness.

His skillful blend of politics and Buddhism has earned for him (from a prominent Rangoon newspaper editor) the sobriquet of "Not-so-simple Simon." In Burma, where every man at some point in his life—even if for only a week—puts on the yellow robes of a monk and follows the rigid routine of religious education and life, the call of resurgent Buddhism is both widely heard and immediately understood. Besides this,

Chou En-lai

the pacifist tenor of Buddhist teaching, and its emphasis on restraint and moderation are eminently useful for checking insurrection and armed revolt.

His carefully careless dress, his much-advertised ingenuousness, and his frequent offers to resign his Premiership may be more calculated than they appear on the surface. Whatever the motivations, this much is clear: U Nu has retained the support of the Burmese people and even his political enemies cannot suggest a convincing alternative to his government.

THE PRIME MINISTER is a remarkably clear, effective, and honest speaker. His platform manner, like his conversation, is low-keyed and calm, but his vocabularly is abrupt, explosive, and occasionally studded with sharp abuse. In public speeches, he has scornfully compared Burma's Communists with worthless sons who "long for distant aunts" when their own mothers are nearby, he lumps together the pseudo-religious with "opium smugglers . . . seducers, and wine distillers . . . who should be styled as half fish and half frog," and he calls the self-seekers and opportunists in his own government people who "have no compunction about botanizing on their mothers' graves."

The Cautious Bridge-Builder

U Nu's audiences are uniformly delighted with his speaking style. For foreigners, however, the content of his speeches is both more important and more puzzling. How has he managed to evade the "neutralist" stamp pressed on Nehru—even though some of his policies are even more radical? And how has he managed to retain the respect and friendship of the Communist countries? He has gone to the extent of praising America in the heart of Red China itself, and in an interview in America has commended the leaders and the accomplishments of China. He has startled Asians by announcing in a public speech that the slogans of the American Revolution "have a tremendous importance to all men who struggle for liberty. In all parts of the world where man lives under tyranny, or under foreign domination, or in feudal bondage, those who dream and plot and fight for freedom do so in the name of the eternal principles for which the American Revolution was fought."

U Nu is in no sense unaware of the contradictions of his position. He

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says that he knows from personal experience that "when two persons are at loggerheads, the mediator is sure to be misunderstood." He administers a light tap on the wrist to members of both blocs for their rigid attitudes and strong demands.

He pursues a determined friendliness with both sides that can only be maintained by a sort of nervous neutrality. He hopes in this way to build, eventually, "a bridge" of cooperation and understanding between East and West, between the Communist countries and the democracies, and to some extent this is the basis for the wary approval that both sides offer him.

To the charge of attempting to play both ends against the middle, he is quick to admit that his foreign policy is partly "based on our selfish motives generated by our desire for self-preservation." Burma is a small country with a population of about twenty million, with a less than adequate army which is still partly engaged in preserving the country's internal security, with few resources and fewer industries—and, most decisive of all, a twelve-hundred-mile border with the country that U Nu constantly refers to as "Big China."

WHAT STAND would U Nu take if, in spite of his caution, there should be aggression in Asia? Burma supported the United Nations action in Korea, but could not send any material aid. However, U Nu deplored the crossing of the 38th parallel because it increased the range of the war and prolonged it when, he thought, a truce was possible. Similarly, U Nu was pleased with the Geneva agreement, primarily because it stopped the fighting in Indo-China, and Burma was the first country to recognize the independent governments of Laos and Cambodia. If war breaks out somewhere else in Asia, one gathers that the Burmese will keep their fingers crossed and hope they don't get involved. If Burma itself is the victim of aggression from "Big China," it will again become a battlefield, whatever allies may come to its defense and however strong their assistance may be. In that war, as the Prime Minister says, "It doesn't matter who wins, Burma loses."

The test, then, of something like SEATO, America's biggest bid for Southeast Asian support, is not whether such an alliance can win a war but whether it can keep the peace. SEATO, in U Nu's words, "increases the chances of a third world war because it heightens the tensions in Asia, intensifies China's fear of American encirclement and diminishes the chances of peaceful co-operation." He sees no happy ending to a possible third world war. "Which Southeast Asian country," he remarked, "is strong enough to face the consequences of an anti-Communist war? What will be the result of the terrible economic disruption?

Nehru

Even if we win, who will come in place of the defeated Communist leaders?—More Communists, and worse ones." As a Buddhist and as a realistic politician, U Nu puts the case for neutrality: War and preparation for war are morally wrong, and as practical solutions to either economic or political abuses they are untenable.

His concern for peace is apparent enough and wins him the blessings of both sides. The canny diplomacy with which he pursues this goal was on display in the farewell speech he gave in China. He announced with a bland and ingenuous air that Burma had entertained grave apprehensions about the possibility of the People's Republic of China interfering in its internal affairs, and added, "I place myself in your position and pose myself this question: 'My dear U Nu, I have heard of your apprehensions. Should we not also entertain apprehensions about the possibility of your interference in our internal affairs?'" Considering the relative size of the two countries, he continued, this suggestion might seem absurd. "But although Burma by itself may be ineffective in meddling with China's internal affairs, it may be able to create trouble in China if it allows itself to be used as a stooge by the enemies of China. . . . We have several key locations to offer, to be used as strategic air and naval bases for a possible attack on the People's Republic of China. We can also provide facilities to the enemies of China to carry out espionage and destructive activities outside China."

While this could be interpreted as a gentle threat, it seems more likely that it was intended as something between a plea and a bargain—Burma would not become a "stooge," if China would respect Burmese independence.

The Rice Surplus Crisis

Next to peace, rice is Burma's other great consideration in foreign policy. The core of Burma's economy is rice. Eighty to ninety per cent of its export is rice. Seventy-five per cent of its people depend on rice for a livelihood. Rice is the country's biggest earner of foreign exchange, and a favorable rice market its biggest guarantee of economic stability.

Recently, in this vital matter, Burma has had to face an unexpected crisis. Asia's traditional rice shortage has been rather suddenly cured in the last two or three years by a combination of good crops, improved farming methods in many countries, and the success of such programs as Nehru's "Grow More Food" campaigns in India. It quickly became clear that Burma had to find new markets and that at last it had a bargaining point with China, which is still a rice-deficit country. The trade exchange arranged between China and Burma last year was one of the major reasons for U Nu's trip to Peking.

Equally, the concrete outcome of U Nu's journey to the Soviet Union was an agreement to purchase "factories, machines and technicians" of which "we are lamentably in need."

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and which will eventually serve to diversify Burma's economy. In exchange Russia will buy unspecified Burmese exports—probably the country's teak, tungsten, and petroleum which, with the re-establishment of settled conditions in Burma, can now be exploited.

With belated political acumen, the United States last year recognized the necessity of assisting Burma in its rice crisis. American technical assistance (for which Burma pays in hard currency) had already been playing a significant role in Burma's development program, but in 1955 the combination of a wish to help Burma and an apprehension of a spread of Communist influence persuaded the United States government to make a $21-million commodity loan to Burma and to buy a million dollars' worth of Burma's surplus rice for delivery to Pakistan. This was a small start and was not exactly an "aid" program because Burma uses these earnings to pay for American technical help—but apparently Burma prefers it that way.

Two years ago U Nu turned down American aid on the emotional grounds that it was incompatible with Burma's national dignity, and on the more practical grounds that a sound economy cannot be built on foreign aid. In the agreements with the Communist countries, U Nu found a large part of the solution to Burma's economic needs and its "trade, not aid" requirements.

Briefly, then, U Nu seems to feel that the two-part necessity of peace and rice can be fulfilled for the most part by ideological alliances with the West (together with an acceptable trade arrangement and the continuing technical-assistance program) and by economic exchange with the Communist countries—both combined with a foreign policy of peaceful coexistence. He seems to have been able to sell this program at home and abroad by a remarkable amalgam of political astuteness, personal charm, and religious sincerity.

The Restless and the Poor

All this may seem unrealistic to Americans. But to Southeast Asia, caught in the massive job of economic rehabilitation, working with relatively new governments, and faced with varying degrees of internal rebellion and subversion, U Nu's position offers at least a breathing space and a possible change of pace. Besides, there is a vague feeling in Asia that in the last few years, since the collapse of colonialism, Asian countries have their first chance to build new relationships within their continent and explore new friendships. One of the saddest hangovers of colonialism in Asia was that after years of considering western countries first in their foreign relations, Asians were left with a remarkable ignorance of their own neighbors. Now they wish to remedy that situation in their own way and work out their own affiliations.

At the heart of the accusations of "naïveté" in regard to Communism directed at U Nu is a fundamental difference of opinion with the West. In Burma, in fact in most of Southeast Asia, people are inclined to feel far less threatened by Communism because they have far less to lose, and consequently are not compelled by the urgent need to prepare against it. "You Americans are restless because you are very wealthy. We need not share this state of mind because we are poor."

Six Points for Welfare

To the criticism that his is a negative policy, in fact almost a policy of desperation, U Nu gives a six-point contradiction. His alternative to military preparedness is quick and intensive improvement of conditions in Southeast Asia and a program that is, in essence, the classic argument for cutting the ground from under the feet of the Communists and solving rather than fighting the problem.

He calls for (1) sovereign independence of all countries, (2) the constitutional establishment of fundamental human rights, (3) honest leaders, (4) "complete absence of activities which are likely to give rise to suspicion of either bloc," (5) elimination of social, economic, and political injustices, and (6) aid from any foreign country provided it is "mutually advantageous and without strings."

That U Nu takes his program seriously is best illustrated by the activities of his government in Burma itself. Apparently flute-playing poverty is not a permanently appealing condition for the major task of the government, since re-establishment of law and order has been followed by the formation of a welfare state to cope with the endemic problems that Burma shares with all the rest of Asia—land reform, education, the raising of living standards, the establishment of democratic processes, and the spread of social services. The accomplishment so far is already impressive, to the Burmese at least.

Slowly the structure of the country, of land tenure, of village government, of the whole Burmese society is changing. U Nu feels that even the partial implementation of his welfare schemes has been far more responsible for diminishing the threat of insurrection than the initial defeat of the insurgents, and the continuing success of the welfare state is Burma's best protection against Communism. For the first time, he claims, the Burmese people are seeing the concrete benefits of independence, and realizing that something is being done directly for them.

Above all his internal reforms and beyond his statements and maneuverings in foreign policy, U Nu makes a characteristically Buddhist plea for a change of heart on both sides, an end to the citing of grievances and of mutual recriminations, a bold decision to work together for peace. He adds, with a certain plaintiveness that many Southeast Asians echo: "I will not ask the West to listen to the advice of Southeast Asians in matters of building factories, making planes, motorcars, or hydrogen bombs. But in the matter of restoring and maintaining peace in Southeast Asia, due consideration should be given to the advice of this area even if total acceptance is not possible."

If such consideration is to be given to Southeast Asia's position, U Nu, who has managed to understand and articulate the fears and accomplishments both of his own continent and the West—and has still kept everyone's friendship, who can combine Buddhist austerity and detachment with concrete action and practical politics, will be to a large extent responsible.

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Low-Yield Atomic Weapons: A New Military Dimension

A. T. HADLEY

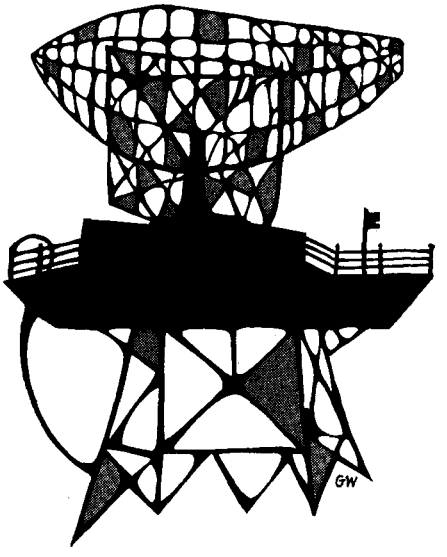
On Saturday, March 3, the Joint Chiefs of Staff flew out of Washington secretly, to meet for a week at Ramey Air Force Base in Puerto Rico. The chiefs had gone into seclusion to give the U.S. military policy its most searching review since 1949.

The nature of this review, curiously, had been forced upon them by the superabundance of atomic military power that had become available to both the United States and the Soviets. The most pressing problem was not how to fight bigger and better wars. Instead, according to reports that have since leaked out, they were at last facing up to the question: What range of atomic weapons can the nation use in this age of hydrogen-bomb plenty without risking total destruction? Has the growing power of the atom made it impossible to fight "limited" wars to back up specific and limited objectives of our foreign policy?

The potential of unlimited war has become so fantastic that it baffles even the military mind. Today the biggest fusion bomb (sixty megatons) is three thousand times more powerful than the atomic bomb (twenty kilotons) dropped on Hiroshima. It represents as much increase in power over the Hiroshima bomb as that bomb did over the TNT bomb load of a B-29.

Even the atomic weaponry so far produced by Pentagon planners with a view to a limited war makes the word "limited" more than questionable. Last fall, during Exercise Sage Brush in Louisiana, the Air Force tested simulated (theoretical) twenty-kiloton atomic weapons, which are toward the low end of the present destructive scale. They are at present standard Air Force tactical weapons for use in and around the battlefield and against enemy airfields. About seventy of these "bombs" were dropped on Louisiana in one day. The umpires ruled that all life had "ceased to exist" in Louisiana. For countries the size of Louisiana such as Greece or Portugal destruction on this scale could hardly be called limited war.

At the heavy end of the atomic destructive scale are the sixty-megaton fusion weapons. These weapons are ready to be loaded into United States bombers today—they are probably ready to be loaded into Soviet bombers too. Just one of these sixty-megaton fusion weapons strategically placed could destroy all life on the British Isles, a fact brought sharply home to Sir Winston Churchill when he received data on the second U.S. hydrogen-bomb test in



the Pacific. His moving speeches toward the end of his career as Prime Minister on the world's need for atomic peace were undoubtedly born of this knowledge. In an address to the House of Commons on March 1, 1955, he said that with the coming of the hydrogen-bomb, ". . . the entire foundation of human affairs was revolutionized and mankind placed in a situation both measureless and laden with doom."

Moreover, the destructiveness of megaton warfare can affect friends or neutrals as well as enemies. Soviet atomic production is centered around Lake Baikal in southeast Siberia. From there the prevailing winds blow south. In an all-out war the United States would bomb the Baikal area with megaton fusion weapons. In the opinion of Pentagon experts, radioactive fallout from the presently planned attack would cause India and Burma to cease to exist as population centers. This is the price of unlimited war. The Pentagon believes that the Russians made the nature of such a war quite clear to Burmese Premier U Nu during his recent visit.

Although the "tactical" atomic weapons we now have in Europe for NATO use are of a much smaller variety, ranging from fifteen to twenty kilotons, they are scarcely suited for limited warfare either. The Army's 280-mm. atomic cannon lacks mobility and range. The Air Force's Matador is just an improved German buzz bomb—too slow and inaccurate. The Army's Honest John rocket has the advantage of greater mobility but still packs too powerful an atomic explosion. The Army will have to rely on it until other, more manageable weapons are ready. Jet fighters are so fast their pilots cannot spot the target with enough accuracy, and their large fixed bases are wide open to enemy atomic attack. Clearly, present American atomic weapons are too imprecise and too destructive to be much use in a really "limited" war.

'Domesticated' Military Atom

To destroy enemy targets without knocking out an area the size of Louisiana, the military is currently developing atomic weapons of from 4 to 10 kilotons' power for battlefield use. These are the "low-yield" atomic weapons in which all the fissionable material and gadgetry necessary to produce an atomic explosion is packed into a sphere about the size of a lumpy softball.

The new low-yield atomic weapons are not yet available. They have been designed, and their atomic cores have been test-fired in Nevada. Their prototypes indicate that in them the military atom has finally been domesticated. But how many will be built, and how soon, remain

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controversial questions among the military planners.

These new low-yield atomic weapons are designed to be used primarily against enemy troops on the battlefield. They are accurate and highly mobile, and their explosive power is distinctly limited. Furthermore, there

is almost no fallout from them since they are engineered not to suck up a great deal of dust and debris from the ground into a radioactive cloud. Troops could battle through a city the size of Worcester, Massachusetts, or Des Moines, Iowa, using such weapons, and large parts of the city would survive.

So far these low-yield weapons have been developed by the Army with severely limited funds. But if the present program is not cut back some of them could be in production by next January.

The most interesting of the group is the Sidewinder. This is a hand-carried Army atomic missile, rather like an oversized bazooka, that can be used by an infantry squad. The Moritzer, a completely mobile mortar mounted on a light tank chassis and firing an atomic shell, provides slightly heavier atomic fire support. Finally, for really hit-and-run "sky cavalry" operation the Army has designed a helicopter-mounted 155-mm. recoilless rifle firing an atomic shell.

In the dreams of some military planners, the possibilities for limited police action opened up by these new weapons are infinite. Suppose Iran were invaded by "Free Kurdish" forces backed by the Russians. Joint staff planners in the Pentagon estimate that one mechanized cavalry regiment with light air support and low-yield weapons could check an advance into Iran.

To do the job without low-yield weapons would require about ten conventional infantry divisions. By the time these were mobilized and shipped to Iran by sea all would be over but the shouting—and the shouts would be in Free Kurdish.

The increased power of low-yield weapons reduces the number of men needed to a small ready force that could be moved by air. These, it is believed, could permit the United States to meet localized aggression rapidly and successfully.

Two-Billion-Dollar Fire Brigade

But what would these weapons cost? Counting the cost is not made easier by the fact that low-yield weapons make many of today's "tactical" weapons obsolete. Military rivalry comes into play—no service is inclined to admit it has spent or is spending large sums on tactical weapons that are now of secondary importance. The official opposition to the Army's development of low-yield weapons has come mainly from SAC, which feared its own weapons would be outmoded, and from the civilian brass in the Pentagon, which feared the change would increase the defense budget.

Various official groups have wrestled with the cost of creating a force

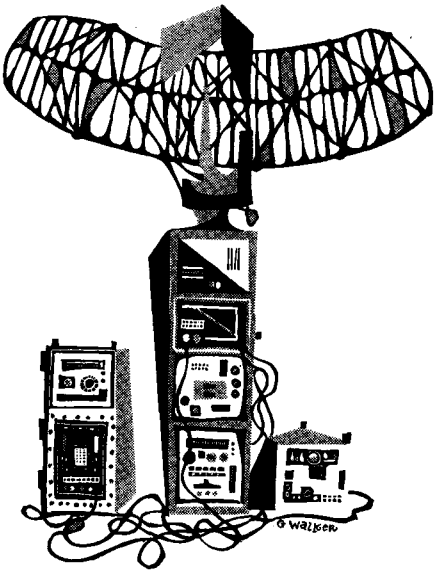
able to fight limited atomic wars. Their estimates vary according to how much they "make do" with old equipment. During his last months at the White House, Nelson Rockefeller had an all-government team of experts probe the problem. Parts of Army G-3 as well as the office of the Chief of Naval Operations have worked up estimates. One recent staff study put the creation and maintenance of a fire brigade for limited atomic war at $2 billion a year more than the country now spends on defense.

According to this estimate, the $2 billion would be spent in three broad areas: military units, strategic transport and special weapons, and technical equipment. In the category of military units, three mobile air task forces of between eleven thousand and fifteen thousand men each are envisaged. The increased firepower of atomic weapons would permit these task forces to employ fewer men than the conventional eighteen-thousand-man division while doing a bigger job. Just how many fewer remains to be determined on maneuvers—with much of the testing being done by the 101st Airborne Division, recently remodeled as an 11,500-man unit. Of the three task forces, one would be based in the Middle East, and would be capable of acting in Europe also; one would be in the Far East; and one would be held in America as a replacement force. Unlike the present airborne division or the remodeled 101st, which lack mobility once they have parachuted in, the new forces would be modeled on highly mobile "sky cavalry" tested by the Army during SAGE BRUSH.

Need for Mobility

This desire for increased mobility is a source of continuing friction between the Army and the Air Force. The Air Force, which now provides the transports, has resisted spending its dollars on planes designed to move troops and supplies about the battlefield. Tactical transport planes have been cut back drastically at a time when the rest of the Air Force is expanding. As a result, the Army now has less tactical mobility than at the end of the Korean War.

Planes needed to give the task forces aerial mobility on the battlefield are not expensive. While the standard long-range Air Force transport (the C-124, which carries two hundred men and equipment) costs $1.5 million, a twelve-man assault transport costs only $60,000. Creating and maintaining the three task forces, it is estimated, would require a total of $900 million a year. This figure is based on such known constants as $5,000 to maintain one airborne soldier one year, $280 to operate a helicopter or assault plane



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for an hour, and standard vehicle operating costs.

To move these mobile task forces long distances about the globe would require a great increase in strategic transport for resupply. Last fall, after six weeks of frenetic planning, the Air Force was just able to scrape together enough strategic air transport to move one Army regiment from the United States to Japan. A global air lift would have to be created that could move one of these task forces fully equipped. After the initial move, all but the most critical items of resupply would be brought in by sea. Inside the limited-war area, supplies would be handled by the task force's own land and air vehicles.

With the average strategic transport plane costing $1.2 million to buy and $350 an hour to fly, $700 million a year should produce the necessary long-range air mobility. For sea supply about thirty fast (thirty-knot) transports would be needed, possibly some of them atomic-powered. The annual cost of this sea force has been estimated at around $250 million, bringing the yearly total strategic transport cost to $950 million.

Special weapons and equipment account for the remaining $150 million of the estimated $2 billion. It is said that building the new low-yield atomic weapons in sufficient numbers would require $75 million a year, including the cost of the fissionable material. For the low-yield weapons to be used with maximum effect new technical equipment is necessary. The chief item planned is an electronic battlefield-surveillance system now being designed that uses infrared television and radar to maintain a continuous watch on the enemy's battle area—a great help in selecting the best atomic target.

Two billion dollars is a substantial sum to add to the annual cost of the cold war, especially at a time when foreign aid and other costs are climbing. Yet by creating the capability to wage limited atomic war, the $2 billion could add a whole new dimension to our military strategy. It could help restore to our foreign policy a degree of flexibility that is sadly needed.

The Inalienable Right To Get Peacefully Sozzled

PAUL JACOBS

"Please, pay the two dollars" was the defendant's plaintive plea in an ancient burlesque skit which opened with the comedian being fined for a minor offense and closed with his electrocution while his lawyer kept insisting that the fine ought not be paid. Sometimes in real life it's not the lawyer but the client who stands on his constitutional rights and refuses to pay the two dollars. That is precisely what happened, with wonderfully satisfying results, in Santa Monica, California, only a few months ago.

The client's name is Edward Sidney, his lawyer is S. M. Irmas, Jr., and the fine was five dollars. Mr. Sidney is a refrigerator repair man. On December 7, 1955, at five-thirty in the afternoon, he was sitting in the combination office and living quarters at the rear of the appliance store owned by his two employers in Santa Monica. Mr. Sidney and one of his employers had put in a hard day installing a big walk-in refrigerator. After finishing the job they had returned to the store and settled down to relax with two jugs of wine. In the company of a lady friend of one of the employers, they were in fact living out the American Dream —they were getting quietly looped.

In Mr. Sidney's case this didn't take very long. Tired as he was from the installation job, and not much of a drinker anyway, he soon passed out sitting in his chair. Just at this point, into the store came two Santa Monica policemen to discuss a city ordinance involving sidewalk displays.

The next thing Mr. Sidney knew, he had been arrested and taken to the drunk tank in the city jail. He was charged with violating Section 4204 of the Santa Monica Municipal Code, which in effect prohibits intoxication upon any street, thoroughfare, alley, sidewalk, or grounds, or in any premises within the city. At ten o'clock that night, Mr. Sidney was released in a hundred dollars' bail and went home.

The following morning Mr. Sidney and his two employers got in touch with an attorney, Mr. Irmas, whom they knew only from having installed some appliances in his new home. Irmas advised them that since Mr. Sidney agreed he had been drunk, the most sensible thing for him to do was to plead guilty and pay the standard nominal fine. This was what the lady involved had already done.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Sidney, "I'm not going to pay the fine. I'm not going to be pushed around. My constitutional rights were violated and the Cahan decision proves it. This ain't Russia."

"That's right," agreed his employers, "we ain't going to have Ed pushed around."

Irmas patiently pointed out to the three men that the Cahan decision, a recent ruling of the California State Supreme Court, dealt only with illegal search and seizure and had nothing to do with people who got drunk in the back of a store.

No matter, said the three, and they didn't care how much it was going to cost in lawyer's fees, either. They were going to fight the case. Things were pretty tough, they figured, if a man couldn't get peacefully drunk in the back of a store without being arrested for it.

So the lawyer went to the law library and looked up Section 4204 of the municipal code. There he discovered that 4204 is a general statute dealing with public drunkenness, while another Section—4204c—prohibits drunkenness upon private premises to the annoyance of any person or persons. When the case came to trial in municipal court, Irmas waived a jury and argued for a dismissal on the ground that Mr. Sidney had been incorrectly arrested under Section 4204 since he had not

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been drunk in public, nor was he annoying anyone under the terms of 4204c, and furthermore that it was unconstitutional to arrest people who were drunk in private homes.

Mr. Sidney's inability to annoy anyone was corroborated by the arresting officer, who testified that Mr. Sidney was dead to the world at the time of his arrest.

But all this did not move the judge, who found Mr. Sidney guilty. The judge did show some leniency toward Mr. Sidney, fining him only five dollars instead of the customary ten.

ONCE MORE Irmas pointed out to his client that at this point he could still get off the hook for only five dollars plus a legal fee. If the case was taken to the appellate court, Irmas continued, it was going to cost a lot more. But Mr. Sidney was firm, his employers were firm, and attorney Irmas, by this time pretty much stirred up by the case himself, was happy to fight it out.

Briefs were filed, and a few weeks later the case was argued before the three judges who sit as the appellate department of the State Superior Court. Irmas presented his arguments, the Santa Monica city attorney gave the city's justification for the arrest procedure, and the court took the case under advisement. The next day a decision came down reversing the lower court.

The appellate judges held that Section 4204 did not constitute "a blanket prohibition against drunkenness in the city of Santa Monica." Further, the judges stated that under 4204c, "the offense of being drunk upon private premises involves as a necessary element that it cause annoyance to some person or persons and of this there is neither pleading nor proof."

So Edward Sidney kept his five dollars and the police of Santa Monica can no longer arrest a man for peacefully boozing on private premises. The Santa Monica newspaper ran the story on page 1, the Los Angeles legal journal wrote it up; Mr. Sidney became a local hero.

In homes or the backs of stores all over Santa Monica a man can now loosen his tie with confidence and say, "You see, this *ain't* Russia. Pass me that jug, man. Pass it here."

Tallahatchie County Acquits a Peckerwood

DAVID HALBERSTAM

A FRIEND of mine divides the white population of Mississippi into two categories. The first and largest contains the good people of Mississippi, as they are affectionately called by editorial writers, politicians, and themselves. The other group is a smaller but in many ways more conspicuous faction called the peckerwoods.

The good people will generally agree that the peckerwoods are troublemakers, and indeed several good people have told me they joined the Citizens Councils because otherwise the peckerwoods would take over the situation entirely. It is the good people who will tell you that their town has enjoyed racial harmony for many years, while it is the peckerwoods who may confide that they know how to keep the niggers in their place; it is the good people who say and mean, "We love our nigras," and it is the peckerwoods who say and mean, "If any big buck gets in my way it'll be too damn bad." But while the good people would not act with the rashness of and are not governed by the hatred of the peckerwood, they are reluctant to apply society's normal remedies to the peckerwood. Thus it is the peckerwoods who kill Negroes and the good people who acquit the peckerwoods; it is the peckerwoods who hang dead crows from the trees of a small town and the good people who do not cut them down.

These are troubled and tense times in Mississippi, and there has been a prevalent you-are-either-for-us-or-agin-us atmosphere. Because of this, much of the silence on the part of the good people can be traced to a reluctance to fall into another and infinitesimal group, the nigger-lovers, and run the risk of social, political, and sometimes economic ostracism. A newspaper editor who had decided to cross the line and challenge some injustices within the segregated system explained it this way to me: "There's only one thing I hate more than a nigger-lover, and that's a nigger-hater, and if it comes down to a choice of the two and I've got no other possible out, then I guess I'll go with the nigger-lovers." Most of the good people would prefer not to have to make the choice at all.

'We'd Like a Conviction'

In Sumner, Mississippi, last month, the good people of Tallahatchie County convened to try the case of a peckerwood named Elmer Otis Kimbell for the murder of a Negro. Sumner is the site where another

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Tallahatchie jury recently acquitted Kimbell's best friend, J. W. Milam, and Milam's half brother, Roy Bryant, of the murder of Emmett Till, a fourteen-year-old Chicago Negro.

Perhaps because Clinton Melton was a native Mississippi Negro, and his death lacked reader appeal (this was the Kimbell rather than the Melton case), the flock of reporters that converged here in September had dwindled to a handful for the March trial. Only one wire service sent a staff member, and the only Mississippi newspaper that sent a staff man was Hodding Carter's Greenville *Delta Democrat-Times*. Cameras were barred, not only from the courtroom but from the entire courthouse property, and no press table was set up. There were none of the more obvious tensions of the Till trial, at which a defense lawyer privately asked the sheriff to integrate the white and Negro reporters at the same table because of the threatening effect it would have on the jury. "We don't want a press table here this time because the less seen of the press the better because we'd like to see a conviction," I was told by one of the Sumner lawyers who had worked on the Till defense and had turned down the Kimbell defense.

It is clear that many of the good people of Mississippi would have liked to see a conviction. The sentiment was particularly strong in the Glendora community where Kimbell shot Melton and where both the deceased and the defendant were well known. Elsewhere in Tallahatchie County, of course, it tended to become the usual matter of a white man and a black man.

ELMER KIMBELL, a thirty-five-year-old cotton-gin manager, shot Melton, a gas station attendant, on December 3, 1955. Kimbell claims he shot in self-defense, and displays a shoulder wound to prove it, but his story conflicts sharply with that told by the white owner of the gas station, Lee McGarrh, and McGarrh's story is supported in part by two Negroes.

Kimbell had driven up to the gas station in his friend Milam's car that Saturday night and asked for a tankful of gas, according to McGarrh. The owner told Melton to fill the tank, but a few minutes later, Kimbell, who had been drinking, rebuked Melton, saying he wanted only two dollars' worth. Then Kimbell argued with McGarrh and left, warning Melton, "I'm going to get my gun and come back and shoot you." Ten minutes later Kimbell returned and fired three shots, hitting Melton twice in the head and once in the hand. McGarrh witnessed the entire shooting from inside the store.

DESPITE his pleas of self-defense, Kimbell was denied bond in two preliminary hearings. At first, the racial overtones of the case were slight, and some of the good people comforted themselves with the thought that Kimbell might almost as easily have shot a white man. As a matter of fact, the case originally attracted attention because of the local reaction against Kimbell: McGarrh became the star state witness, the community raised money for Melton's widow, and the Glendora Lion's Club adopted a statement written by a local minister to the effect that:

"We consider the taking of the life of Clinton Melton an outrage against him, the people of Glendora, against the people of Mississippi, as well as the entire human family. We intend to see that the forces of justice and right prevail in the wake of this woeful evil. We humbly confess repentance for having so lived as a community that such an evil occurrence could happen here and we offer ourselves to be used in bringing to pass a better realization of the justice, righteousness and peace which is the will of God for human society."

But if Clinton Melton is remembered at all (and already he is a fleeting memory as evidenced by the attorneys' difficulty in remembering his name and their tendency to call him Clement, Melton Clinton, or uh . . . that boy) it will be because the outcome of this case may have shocked the good people of Mississippi in a more profound way than the killing itself. For there is no out for Tallahatchie and Mississippi in this case.

The N.A.A.C.P., citing claims that it had distracted Till jurors from their duty, stayed tactfully away both before and during the trial. The Northern press by and large restricted its commentary on the case to praise for the progress being made. And unlike the Till case, where evidence was circumstantial and ambiguous, the state had factual authority in the person of three witnesses. Finally, whereas the Till case was seen primarily as an insult to white womanhood by a Negro who didn't know his place, this trial involved the murder of the sort of "good" Negro worker upon which the Southern economy depends.

TALLAHATCHIE COUNTY, whose population is more than two-thirds Negro, boasts little industry, outside of an occasional company allied with its agricultural interests. Almost all Mississippi juries are made up almost entirely of small farmers, and this is particularly true in places such as Tallahatchie where there are no cities of more than three thousand. The basic ideology of what has been called the Southern Way of Life is perhaps most deeply engrained in the small farmer, who is closest to the Negro, and who would feel first and heaviest any move on his part toward a more independent life.

Thus the problem that District Attorney Roy Johnson and County Attorney Hamilton Caldwell faced when swearing in fair and impartial jurors was that they were handling a group sworn by birthright to protecting the interest and life of the white. Besides the usual questions, District Attorney Johnson asked the jurors if they could try the case without regard to color. One man

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rose and said, "No I don't allow as I could," and was excused. His place was easily filled by someone who allowed as how he could, but the wire service man said he would have made a better juror because at least he was conscious of his prejudice. Ten of the jurors were farmers, one of them worked for a seed manufacturing company, and one sold insurance.

'I'm Going to Kill that Nigger'

The state for its part produced three witnesses. The main one was McGarrh, a stern little man who is a member of one of Glendora's most respected families. McGarrh stuck to the same story he had told at the earlier hearings. He said he saw Kimbell shoot the unarmed Melton. He went unshaken under cross examination. The only weakness in his story is that although Kimbell had given prior warning of his intention McGarrh stayed inside the station with his shot gun. The next witness was John Henry Wilson, a Negro in whom Kimbell said he had a great deal of confidence. Wilson did not witness the shooting, but he damaged the self defense theory. He was standing outside the station when Kimbell returned with a gun. He asked Kimbell what he was going to do.

"I'm going to kill that nigger," Kimbell said.

"Please, sir, don't shoot that boy. He ain't done nothing to you," Wilson said.

"Get back or I'll kill you too," said Kimbell. Wilson ran to the back of the station.

The last witness for the state, George Woodson, said he was standing about ten feet away from the scene. He said he saw Kimbell walk around the side of the station with a gun, and that he did not see any gun in Melton's hand.

THE PLAN of the defense, lacking eye witnesses itself, was to shake the testimony of the state's witnesses. To this end its witnesses came up with only minor points. But more significant than their testimony were their positions—a sheriff, a deputy sheriff, and a chief of police. One of them, former sheriff H. C. Strider, assumed the same role he had played in the Till case as defense witness. Carl Strider, who owns one of Tallahatchie's largest plantations on which there are seven Negro shacks each bearing one letter on top spelling out S-T-R-I-D-E-R, is not a peckerwood and certainly not a nigger-lover, and in Tallahatchie County it is hard to question him.

Sammy Kimbell, the defendant's thirteen-year-old son, like Milam and Bryant's children in the Till case—and unlike Melton's four children in this case—was seated right at the front in court, and served as a sort of unofficial Exhibit A. He was the next witness.

Now Kimbell had been hunting with his friend Milam that day, had been driving Milam's car, and said that after he was shot he went directly to Milam's house and that eventually Milam drove him to a doctor. Just how he received that shoulder wound remains as puzzling as does the question of what happened to the gun with which Melton is alleged to have inflicted it.

During the cross examination of the boy the district attorney asked Sammy whose car his father had been driving. Discarding his self-consciously slow courtroom manner, defense attorney J. W. Kellum came leaping out of his seat with an objection. Kellum did this because he was afraid that Milam had become a dirty word in Tallahatchie County, where one of the good people can tell you in one breath that that wasn't the Till boy's body they fished out of the river and in the next that Milam and Bryant were the ones who sold that information to the fellow from *Look* magazine themselves. For unlike most of the rest of the state, where William Bradford Huie's article "Approved Killing in Mississippi," drew a reaction aimed only at the magazine, around Tallahatchie and its neighboring counties there was a reaction against Milam and Bryant among the very people who had contributed to their defense fund. Because of this Kellum told me before the trial that this case would be more difficult than the Till case. This accounted for his continued objections to the stream of state questions involving Milam, and for his statement that "these questions were made for the sole purpose of prejudicing the jury." The jury, happily, was not prejudiced. It was sent out of the room and the judge sustained Kellum's objections.

Milam paid a visit to the court at the end of the first day and I asked him if it were true that in addition to securing counsel for his friend Kimbell, he had, as one of his former lawyers claimed, given Kimbell other financial aid. He caught my meaning and answered, "He's a very good friend of mine, but I didn't get a dime for that article." And without further prompting, he added, "You can look for the cancelled check." Nevertheless, Milam is now driving a new Chevrolet and has fewer friends than he did last September when he had to pay five lawyers.

ONE MORE MAN damaged the self-defense theory during this trial—the defendant himself. Kimbell got up there before those twelve Mississippians and told them a story about his relations with Melton that flatly contradicts all the Mississippi mores. Kimbell told how he drove up to the station, ordered gas, and then changed his mind: " 'I wish you'd make up your damn mind,' Clinton told me. I told him that kind of talk would get him in trouble, and he said, 'I'm not afraid of you or any other white son of a bitch.' " Kimbell said he went inside and told McGarrh that Clinton was getting pretty nasty and asked him to total up his account and he'd be back and settle up; when he returned a few minutes later someone started firing at him, hit him, and he went back to his car and got his shot gun.

Kimbell told this story to a jury which knew that you cannot provoke a Negro attendant to talk like that no matter how much you irritate him, particularly a trusted Negro such as Clinton Melton who had held his job for ten years and handled both money and credit from customers without complaint: He will not talk back, he will just turn away, and sometimes, as Melton apparently did in this case, he will go to the boss for help. And the jury also knew that no white peckerwood gin manager, the best friend of J. W. Milam, would let a Negro talk like that without doing a little whupping right there on the spot. In addition,

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all of this about Clinton's getting nasty was the first time Kimbell had ever mentioned the threat, and when Hamilton Caldwell, who prosecuted the two earlier hearings, asked why he had failed to mention it before, Kimbell said, "The same questions weren't asked."

Kimbell also testified under cross examination that he had complete confidence in both McGarrh and Wilson and trusted them completely, although they lied on the stand; that he knew of no reason why Melton threatened him; and that although he was badly wounded he drove past a doctor's house on the way to Milam's house, and again by-passed it when he and Milam drove twenty-five miles to Charleston.

The Summing Up

Then came the final arguments. An apologetic Hamilton Caldwell, who knew beforehand that there would be an acquittal, pointed out that he was only doing his job and told the jury that it also had a job to do. "Regardless of whether a man's white or black, you've got to be impartial. A nigger's a human being. He's got life," Caldwell said. "And you know," he added, "that no nigger would call you those things, and you would just walk away."

For his part District Attorney Johnson reminded the jurors that they were sworn to give equal credibility to the Negro and white witnesses. He reminded them that he had lived with Negroes a long time, that no Negro is going to get up there and call a white man a liar unless there is pretty good reason. He said that he was doing this for their own protection, and that it is a serious thing when a citizen of Tallahatchie County and Mississippi disregards the law. Where that happens, he said, you find a degenerated society. He knew the problem that the jurors who agreed with him faced, so he emphasized that it was important that they stand by their convictions and resist the influence of their fellow jurors and neighbors. He said he was going home with a clear conscience, and he invited them to join him.

J. W. Kellum, the defense attorney, is very tall, with a craggy sort of good looks. He would like to be eloquent, and he has a habit when he speaks of emphasizing a word that has no business being emphasized. Although he lost the run-off contest for district attorney to Johnson last August, he will probably not lose any elections for a while in the future. "You have a noble opportunity for democratic service," he told the jurors in a summation almost identical with the one he delivered at the Till trial. "You are the custodians of the American civilization." And he wound up with "This boy was born thirty-five years ago into the land of the free and the home of the brave, and where under God's shining sun is the land of the the free and the home of the brave if you convict him on this flimsy evidence?" Then he handed the jury Kimbell's bloody shirt, and the jury retired.

It took four hours and nineteen minutes to break down those members of the jury who had misgivings about the whole thing. Another case, having to do with cow poisoning, was heard while the jury was out.

The reporters sat around and talked and some said there would be a conviction, and I said there would be a hung jury, and one said he didn't know. One wonders just how deeply the jurors thought about how their decision might establish a

precedent for future juries—just as they faced the Till jury precedent. I think the fifty-eight Negroes who sat quietly in the crowded courtroom were thinking about it, and I think that the few merchants sitting around were worrying about it. The merchants know that although this was a good year for cotton, business was poor in the area because the Negroes are either shopping in the hill section of the state or leaving the state completely. The merchants know what the result of this trial will be—the Negroes will not write impassioned letters to their Senators or the newspapers, but they will very quietly stop hanging around the stores on Saturdays, and business will get worse.

On the other hand, I suspect that the jurors who may have had misgivings were thinking that they had to go on living in the county, and how could they explain any other verdict to the neighbors, particularly if word got out, as it undoubtedly would, about who the two or three men were who had hung the jury. Elmer Kimbell was protected by the system whose rule of paternalism he violated. None of those jurors would kill a man, but they could not give Melton, even in death, equality with Kimbell. That would have meant that they give credibility to the Negro witnesses, and it might have meant that they were nigger-lovers, and that they were agin us.

So the jurors walked in and announced their verdict and filed up one by one and shook hands with Kellum. Elmer Kimbell, found innocent, told the reporters that he was relieved because he had been pretty worried, and it was the first time I had heard of an innocent white man worrying about a case involving a Negro's life. Then Kimbell asked the deputy sheriff for his gun back, and now he can go hunting again with J. W. Milam for squirrel and God knows what else.

'Maybe We've Made a Start'

The immediate reaction in Tallahatchie County among the sort of people who issued the Glendora Lions Club statement was one of discouragement. "There's open season on the Negroes now," one man said. "They've got no protection, and any peckerwood who wants to can go shoot himself one, and we'll free him. Our situation will get worse and worse."

That may be true, but perhaps in the acquittal of Elmer Kimbell there is a lesson which may jar Mississippians and eventually make the situation better. I talked with one newspaperman in a neighboring

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county who said, "This is just what we needed for our own good. People here underwent all that criticism before, and some of it was unfair, and they hardened and became convinced that they were right and everyone else was wrong. All they could talk about was the racial problem in Chicago and Detroit, and they looked at the one new Negro school in their city and they boasted of the virtues of separate but equal. They forgot about the five or six broken-down shacks out in the county with one room and no electricity and the fact that we are a long, long way even from separate but equal. We became very defensive and stopped criticizing ourselves—our politicians and newspapers lulled us along because it got so tight you couldn't talk, and you still can't talk (don't use my name). A lot of it was the Till case when we went through a lot of underserved attack. Well, everybody looked at this case beforehand and said, 'Here's where we show them what we're really like.' But we had forgotten what we're really like and how far we had to go, and the fact that you can't put one value on a Negro three hundred and sixty-four days a year and then raise him up equal in court. This case will hit people. It hit me. And when we look around for some place to put the blame, well, there's only ourselves. And even if we don't do our blaming out loud it will change what we think inside a lot. What's also encouraging, I think, is that a lot of pro-integration people up North who were pretty militant a while back are beginning to realize the problems involved, and that'll make things less tight. Well, if we can get them to that point and then get our own people to a point where they realize that these problems not only exist but must be faced, then maybe for the first time we've made a start. If Kimbell had been given twenty years for manslaughter we'd have been more self-righteous than ever and gone right back to our old ways of thinking."

KIMBELL'S ACQUITTAL may have encouraged the peckerwoods, but I'm pretty sure it has troubled a lot of the good people. And that, after all, may be a step in the right direction.

Governor Folsom: Big Man in a Tight Spot

DOUGLASS CATER

AT SEVEN-THIRTY in the evening, Governor James Elisha Folsom strode out on the platform in the shabby basement meeting room of the Activity Hall in Troy, Alabama, shook a few hands, took over the microphone from a hillbilly trio, and began his "Report to the People." This was the start of his swing through southern Alabama and his first public appearance since his return to the governorship a year ago in a region where the Negro population is most densely settled and where the white man's resistance to change—any change—is most fiercely expressed. Folsom, one reporter noted, seemed less at ease than he had been the previous week during his northern Alabama appearances. Afterward, the same reporter admitted that Folsom gave the best speech he had ever heard from him.

It was hardly a display of oratorical skill or logic. The massive Governor fidgeted with his notebook, hitched and halted, and frequently trailed off from the direction of his argument altogether. But he talked with the earthy colloquialisms of the region, and his audience listened attentively and respectfully. Most of all, one sensed, they were fascinated by this six-foot-eight-inch Paul Bunyan of Alabama's political stage.

In his speech, Folsom dismissed with a few unconvincing quips "them newspaper stories" about high living at the governor's mansion in Montgomery. He spoke of the successes of his program and of what it meant for their own Pike County (forty-eight miles of paved road under construction; hopes for a hundred by next year). He undid his top trouser button, complaining that some people might think draft beer had caused the constriction.

But from the outset when he greeted his audience, "especially our colored brothers and sisters—our Christian brothers and sisters—back in the back there," he seemed determined to hammer at the central issue convulsing Alabama and reportedly weakening his own grip on the poor whites who had supported him.

The Fuss at the University

It was a curious mixture of frankness, deceit, and political opportunism. Toward his political opponents he was unsparing. *They* had said, he told them, we should holler "nigger" and vote for Eisenhower. Well, all we got was our farm income cut down and if that's retaining our Southern way of life he didn't want any part of it. And, later on: "Ike saved our way of life all right—he rammed this thing right down the Supreme Court's throat—and the five-dollar calf too!"

There had been some recent trouble at the university, he told them, "but not as much as some people thought." He did not say it in so many words but he implied that all the fuss over allowing a Negro to enter the university was slightly ridiculous.

But his approach to the problem of lower schools was more circuitous. He had always been working for better schools for Negroes instead of run-down shacks. ("Not like those you have here in Pike County.") He had gone to every Negro leader he knew and had even sent for some (a veiled reference to the time last fall he entertained the visiting Negro Congressman Adam Clayton Powell at the governor's mansion, with a resultant public uproar). He had asked them not to institute an integration suit against Alabama. He had said that we were not ready for integration, that we needed time to catch our breath. As a result, there had not been a suit. "Don't you think that's better than getting out on the stump and yelling 'nigger?'"

He promised them there probably wouldn't be a suit so long as he was governor. If one came, it would be

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in a single school district unless—an unsubtle dig at the legislature—the whole state had been made liable by recent vindictive legislation. He assured them it would probably be five years and then another ten before anything happened.

Once past this heavy going, Folsom began to move more smoothly. His most important duty as governor, he declared, was to protect the fundamental liberties of the people. He scoffed at the nullification resolution passed by the legislature. "The legislature cannot nullify a decision of the United States government. It's got to be done by you. Then it's an act of see-session, and I know the people of Alabama are not ready for it. Nullification means riotousness, lawlessness, disobedience. If it's done by the legislature, it means an act of civil disobedience. They all took the same oath to support the Constitution that I did. I ain't gonna say I'm gonna like it but I'm not gonna try to disobey it. We can't have government by lawlessness."

He pinned the label "Nullicrats" on his opponents. As party head, he was not going to let them tear up the Democratic Party of Alabama. "These reformed Dixiecrats can come back into the fold but I ain't gonna let them lead the choir and preach the sermons." In closing, he told them that in 1866 it was illegal to teach a Negro to read or write in Alabama. "We've made progress and we're gonna make progress. That's the way I feel about it."

IT HAD BEEN a difficult presentation and nobody seemed exactly sure what the Governor had hoped to accomplish by it. According to one aide, Folsom hasn't any fixed ideas about resolving the present political disorder but he does intend to beat down those who are seeking to capitalize on the disorder. He has belittled the Citizens Councils, declaring that nothing that is built on hate and fear and mistrust can last very long. He has taunted the "Nullicrats" by daring them to call a constitutional convention—a highly risky proposition at the present time. He has entered the contest for national committeeman against a state representative who was the author of the nullification resolution. But that, his aide explains, was not so much from a desire to resolve the issue as from a congenital inability to keep out of election contests.

The primary, which will take place on May 1, may be a fairly significant indicator of the direction of Alabama's politics, but no one expects it to affect Folsom much even if he is defeated. He has been defeated many times before only to come back stronger than ever.

Doorman Enters Mansion

Folsom grew up on a small farm in southern Alabama, the son of the deputy sheriff and tax collector of Coffee County. Gigantism ran in the family, Big Jim reputedly being the runt among four boys. He got two years' college before a flood washed out the family farm and his source of support. Then he knocked around the world a bit, serving for a time as the resplendent doorman in front of a New York movie theater and spending two years in the merchant marine—during this time he claims to have gotten a real education. He worked for an early New Deal relief agency, both in Washington and in the northern Alabama town of Cullman which he now claims as home. In 1937, he and his brothers formed an insurance company and from this base he began his systematic forays into politics. Starting in 1936, when he first challenged Congressman Henry Steagall unsuccessfully, Folsom has not let an election pass uncontested either by himself or one of his political cronies.

Gradually he perfected the peculiar blend of hillbilly and piney woods liberalism designed to appeal to the country people. Paved farm-to-market roads, old-age pensions, and reapportionment of the state legislature were his basic planks. He was runner-up for governor in 1942, went to the Democratic Convention in 1944 (where he split off from the delegation to support Henry Wallace for Vice-President). Finally, in 1946, he moved into the governorship, to the confusion of the established political hierarchy in Alabama, which was shocked at his backwoods behavior. It used to be said you could never find anyone who voted for Folsom even though he won by a tremendous majority.

In 1954, after waiting out the interregnum required by the Alabama constitution, he came back again, winning a clear majority in a field of eight. Though he refused to make capital of the racial issue, in an era when Herman Talmadge just across the state border was finding much profit in such demagogy, Folsom somehow managed to hold on to the fierce loyalty of the little dirt farmers in the black belt. This time, too, there were well-to-do people in the ranks of the Folsom supporters, sarcastically dubbed by a local editor, "Cadillacs for Shorty, Inc."

But Folsom's political strength in Alabama has been of the flash-flood variety, sweeping everything in its way and then vanishing as mysteriously as it came. He has been consistently unlucky in getting his own candidates into state office. In 1948, he ran as delegate to the Democratic Convention, and finished at the bottom of the list, defeated by a group of political nonentities. He was powerless to prevent the Alabama Democratic Party, of which he was nominally head, from being taken over and voted by the Dixiecrats. He has lost practically every referendum in which he has taken an active part. When he called the legislature into session recently to establish a biracial commission to try to deal with the mounting tension, that body simply ignored his request.

Noisy Night for Harriman

Some who have tried to idealize this huge, rough-hewn man have found their illusions rudely shattered. Toward the spoils of political office he has taken a callous attitude that finds itself echoed down through his administration. When he was up for his second term as governor his opponents produced canceled checks indicating kickbacks paid him and his brothers while he was previously in office. He dismissed it with frank unconcern. His campaign cry of "Y'all Come (to the inauguration)"

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was meant to sweep aside irrelevancies—along with a paternity suit and a miscellany of other charges against him. One fact favored him: Unlike some Alabama governors, he had not grown rich in office.

Folsom seems to take a fiendish glee in shattering propriety. Last December, Governor Averell Harriman flew down to join him at Congressman Frank Boykin's hunting lodge, hoping perhaps to make political inroads in the South. Folsom staged a rousing all-night poker game just outside the bedroom to which Harriman had retired. Next day, when the unbending Harriman was called on to speak at an outdoor barbecue convocation, the Alabama Governor stretched out full length on the floor of the porch directly behind him, interrupting Harriman's complimentary reference to Franklin Roosevelt with the shout "Truman, too!" Reporter Bob Ingram of the Montgomery *Advertiser* has described the scene when it came Folsom's turn to speak: "After watching a moment while . . . several . . . struggled to help Folsom to his feet, Boykin turned back to the crowd and said, 'Governor Folsom told me he didn't want to compete on the same program with such a fine speaker as Governor Harriman, but he said to welcome you all."

A RECENT survey of state politicians by a Birmingham newspaper indicated that Folsom would be lucky to carry twenty of Alabama's sixty-seven counties in his national-committeeman contest on May 1. There has been much speculation that at last the country people are angry with him because of his restrained approach to the race issue.

But if the oppression of public service during these unsettled times or the risks of political misfortune weigh heavily upon the Governor's massive brow, it is hard to tell it. A British correspondent who interviewed the Governor recently noted that he looked tired and exceptionally care-worn. Leaving the office, the correspondent remarked to an assistant that Folsom seemed under great tension because of the racial turmoil in Tuscaloosa and Montgomery. "Tension, hell," replied the assistant. "He's just got a hangover this morning that's about to kill him."

A GLOSSARY OF GLIBNESS

ERIC SEVAREID

Every four years around this time, we consider it our humble duty to serve as medium between the political tongue and the voters' inner ear—to translate what the candidates call "plain speaking" into the plainer truth. We offer this service free of charge.

For example, when a candidate says "I'm glad you asked that question," what he means is "Give me a moment to think."

When one of his supporters says "My candidate is a man of the people," he means that his candidate was also born in a hospital.

The phrase "I am not a candidate for Vice-President" means "I gotta keep my Presidential bandwagon rolling until after the first ballot."

"I'm in this fight to the finish" means "The law sets the election day and I can't do a thing about it."

When he says "We must return to the principles of our forefathers," he means "Things must have been simpler in those days."

When he says "I intend to hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may," he really means that he intends to put his shoulder to the wheel and let his voice be heard.

When he says "I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to get back home with you folks and away from that Tower of Babel on the Potomac, he is really saying "If I get licked I can always open a law office in Washington."

And of course when a candidate tells you "A vote for me is a vote for the American way of life," what he means is "I ain't running in Southern Rhodesia."

We trust this brief glossary will serve as a handy guide to help you get through the season; we might even expand it from time to time if things get more confusing than they are at present, a contingency that scarcely bears contemplation.

Of course a political glossary is useful to most of us only every two or four years; an even more pressing problem is the terminology of everyday working life, which is also becoming a special language. We have long thought that somebody should issue a handy guide for us millions of office workers, and somebody has. We don't know the name of its compiler, but it seems to serve equally well in governmental and private office work, and here it is, in part:

A Program: This means any assignment that can't be completed in one phone call.

To Expedite: This means to confound confusion with commotion.

Channels: The trail left by interoffice memos.

Co-ordinator: The guy who has a desk between two expediters.

Consultant: Any ordinary guy more than fifty miles from home.

To Activate: To make carbons and add more names to memo.

To Implement a Program: Hire more people and expand the office.

Under Consideration: This means "Never heard of it."

Under Active Consideration: "We're looking into the files for it."

To Negotiate: To seek a meeting of minds without a knocking together of heads.

A Conference: The substitution of conversation for the dreariness of labor and loneliness of thought.

Re-orientation: Getting used to work again.

Reliable Source: The guy you just met.

Informed Source: The guy who told the guy you just met.

Unimpeachable Source: The guy who started the rumor originally.

We Are Making a Survey: We need more time to think of an answer.

Let's Get Together on This: I'm assuming you're as confused as I am.

Give Us the Benefit of Your Thinking: We'll listen to what you have to say as long as it doesn't interfere with what we've already decided to do.

Will Advise in Due Course means "If we figure it out, we'll let you know."

And Clarification means to fill in the background with so many details that the foreground goes underground.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio.)

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Half a Million Slaves In Arabia

RAY ALAN

WASHINGTON officials tended to smile rather superciliously, the London *Observer* reported, "at the handfuls of captured documents, revealing Saudi complicity in . . . the slave trade" which their British opposite numbers suddenly began circulating a couple of months ago. Many Britons were smiling too.

The western world has of course been aware for many years that the ancient institution of slavery survives in twentieth-century Arabia. Most first-hand accounts of life and travel there make at least a passing reference to the fact. In her book *Une Française Médecin au Yémen,* Dr. Claudie Fayein records that in Sanaa in 1951 she was asked to conduct a medical examination of a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old slave girl whom a Saudi ambassador passing through Yemen wished to purchase as a gift for a senior member of the Saudi royal family. The seller was the Emir Abbas, brother of the Yemenite king (who fraternally had him decapitated last year). The price in silver thalers—exceptionally high because the girl was white, of Bedouin origin—was over five thousand dollars. Having ascertained that the girl had no desire to enter a Saudi harem, Mme. Fayein courageously certified that she was in an unsatisfactory state of health, and the deal fell through.

The Saudi slave trade is regulated by a decree issued in October 1936 by the late King Abdul-Aziz ibn-Saud. By local standards it was a progressive measure. It laid down conditions whereby slaves might obtain protection against their masters, if need arose, and purchase their freedom; it licensed recognized slave traders; and it sought to stabilize the situation by forbidding the enslavement of "free" Saudi citizens or the import of additional slaves into the kingdom. That it failed to abolish this traffic is now clear.

A few years ago a British ship in the Red Sea went to the aid of a dhow that appeared to be in difficulties. The dhow was carrying a cargo of emaciated East-African Negroes who told their rescuers that they were being taken into slavery. They were all Moslems of a sort—though some only vaguely so—and had been tricked into leaving their villages by the promise of a cheap passage to the Mecca and Medina pilgrimage sites: It was only aboard the dhow that their "guides" had—prematurely, as it turned out—revealed their true intentions. Last May the British authorities at Aden took under their protection an Adenese youth who had been lured to Najran in Saudi Arabia by a promise of paid employment; on his arrival there he had been made captive and sold as a slave, but shortly afterwards he succeeded in escaping to British-controlled territory.

Awad's Pilgrimage

Very few slaves escape. Most are slaves for life, and their children, unless fathered by the master, after them. The few who manage to spirit themselves away are usually illiterate, intimidated creatures, unsure of their legal status, afraid of the long arm of Saudi vengeance, and unwilling to attract attention to themselves. An important recent exception was an intelligent young West African named Awad el-Joud.

Awad el-Joud was born in the early 1930's in the French Sudan, a Niger territory not to be confused with the formerly Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. When he was ten or eleven, he was taken on as a personal servant by the Targui notable Mohammed Ali ag Attaher, chief of the 20,000-strong Kel Antessar tribe. He received no payment for his services but was fed and clothed as a member of Mohammed Ali's household—a common enough arrangement in West Africa and other feudal parts of the Moslem world. His master told him one day that he must remain in his service for life.

In 1949, Mohammed Ali decided to perform the Mecca pilgrimage, a round trip of some eight thousand miles. He took with him a wife, three children, his steward Allili ag Mohammed, and five servants: three men—Banassa, Usman, and Awad el-Joud—and two women, Nama, aged sixteen, and Usman's wife Sitt Alkher, who was accompanied by her four-year-old son.

Their journey to Mecca occupied the greater part of a year. It began at Bamako, administrative center of the Sudan, where the French authorities issued Mohammed Ali with the necessary passports and other documents. While Mohammed Ali, accompanied by Awad el-Joud, handled these formalities, the rest of his household waited at Gao, eight hundred miles down the Niger. From Gao the party went by truck to Niamey, where they spent about a week, and thence by stages to Kano, in British Nigeria, where they remained for two months. Subsequent truck journeys took them to Fort-Lamy and Abéché, both in French Tchad, and finally to El Obeid in the then Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. From there they traveled by train to Khartoum, where they stayed two months, then on to Port Sudan on the Red Sea. An Arab boat took them to Jedda, the main Saudi pilgrimage port, and a few days later they were in Mecca.

Mohammed Ali bought a house in the holy city and plunged at once into the endless round of courtesy-calls and coffee-drinking which occupy so much of the average Moslem notable's day. The party re-

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mained there a year, performed the pilgrimage rites, and at last began to prepare for the trip home.

But one day Mohammed Ali told Awad el-Joud that he wished him to go and work in the household of his friend Prince Abdullah Feisal, son of the Governor of Jedda. The money Awad earned in the prince's employment, Mohammed Ali explained, would pay Awad's fare back to the Sudan. Awad went to work for the Saudi prince. A few weeks later—early in 1951—he learned that Mohammed Ali had left Arabia. He was receiving no payment for his services to his new master; it dawned upon him what had happened: Mohammed Ali had sold him as a slave.

There were, Awad says, about forty slaves in the prince's household. He was the only West African; the others were East Africans (chiefly Eritreans) and Arabs (mostly from Yemen). From domestic chores Awad graduated to the prince's brightly-uniformed ceremonial guard, one of whose main tasks was to escort their master to the mosque every Friday. Awad was obedient and respectful; he performed his duties correctly; he was not ill-treated. But the prince was a hard man, he says, and beat to death a slave who tried to escape.

Two years later, in May 1953, Prince Abdullah Feisal decided to sell Awad el-Joud. Without a word of warning or explanation, Awad was taken by truck to the officially licensed Jedda slave market and thrust into a long, low-ceilinged room crammed already with a mass of men and women apathetically awaiting their fate. From time to time men whom he took to be prospective buyers came into the room accompanied by a guard and looked the merchandise over.

During one of these visits Awad escaped. He fled to the French embassy. There he was sheltered for two days but told that in view of his master's royal status nothing could be done for him. Six months later, however, he succeeded in slipping aboard a boat with a party of returning Sudanese pilgrims. He bribed his way through the Sudanese port control with what little money he had, and selling part of his clothing to pay his fare, he reached Khartoum, where the French consul provided the documents he needed to return home. Other French officials along the route gave him small sums of money or a seat in a truck, and on April 15, 1954, he arrived in the West-African town of Niamey where he made a detailed statement to the French police commissioner.

News, notoriously, travels fast in Africa; and before Awad el-Joud could reach Bamako, where the French judicial authorities took up his case, his former master Mohammed Ali ag Attaher had already left hurriedly for an unknown destination. Four months later Mohammed Ali's brother, Mohammed el-Mehdi, his successor as head of the Kel Antessar, received a letter from Cairo. In it Mohammed Ali urged his brother to have faith in God, declared his conviction that God would never deprive a family of that honor which He Himself had accorded it, and asserted that the "affair of the slave Awad" had been greatly exaggerated. Awad and the other "slaves"—Mohammed Ali made no bones about the status they enjoyed in his own household—had accompanied him to Mecca because they wanted to. After the pilgrimage Awad had entered the service of "a son of the king" but had angered his new employer by flirting with his concubines, and had been forced to flee. He had invented the story that Mohammed Ali had sold him.

Awad el-Joud, for his part, has been interrogated at length by French officials. His story has been checked in some detail by Pastor Emanuel La Gravière, an eminent French reformer and member of the Assembly of the French Union. The consensus of informed opinion is that Awad had told the truth.

Expensive Girls

What had become of the other members of Mohammed Ali's retinue—the girl Nama, the men servants Banassa and Usman, and Usman's wife Sitt Alkher and her child? Awad's answer to this question has been in part confirmed, in part expanded, by a West-African cadi, Sheik Mohammed Mahmoud Ould, who recently combined a pilgrimage to Mecca with an enquiry into the fate of his compatriots in Arabia. French embassy informants in Jedda have also been able to check on a few points.

Nama was sold to a man named Abdul Kudousse, described by Awad as "a man who works in an office," and by the cadi as a "director"—he may mean editor—of an Arabic newspaper. Banassa, like Awad, was sold to Prince Abdullah Feisal, who in 1953 presented him to his sister; she, in due course, put him up for sale in the Mecca slave market, where he was bought by an Egyptian pilgrim who took him to Egypt. Usman, after one or two changes of ownership, was last heard of in Mecca. His wife and child were sold to a Jedda notable named es-Seybi, holder of a sinecure connected with the administration of the Great Mosque.

The Mecca slave-market is the only one of which Awad heard where slaves are still displayed singly or in small lots and put up for auction. At the other main markets, in Riyadh, the capital, and in Taif, business is conducted more discreetly. Only individual buyers whose credentials have satisfied the dealer are allowed into his "showroom."

The greatest demand is for adolescent girls. In one relatively short period, says Awad, Prince Abdullah Feisal bought six as gifts, five for his sons, and one for his chauffeur. This demand is naturally reflected

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in the price range. Whereas a girl may fetch between two thousand and four thousand dollars, a young man is worth only about eleven hundred and an old man or woman no more than four hundred and twenty. These prices are an average of figures supplied by official French, semi-official British, and private Moslem sources. They appear to have increased by about five per cent annually over the last few years—partly, no doubt, because of the steady enrichment of the Saudi upper class from oil royalties.

Most of the slaves Awad met in Arabia were Africans—West Africans tunneled through Gao and Timbucktu, in French territory, and Kano in British Nigeria; East Africans from Eritrea and the southern Sudan. In two towns in the Sudan he came across gangs of tribesmen who had been hired out as laborers so as to earn for their chiefs the money to pay their passage to Arabia—where they were to be sold as slaves. But he also met slaves of Arab origin, generally Yemenites or members of minor tribes inhabiting the border regions of Oman and Kuwait, who had been captured by more powerful Saudi Bedouins and enslaved in accordance with tribal custom. Other sources speak of the existence of important quotas of slaves from Baluchistan.

Travelers Checks

The French embassy in Jedda recently compiled a report for the French Foreign Office on the organization of the West-African end of the business. The actual "recruiting agents," the report says, are frequently themselves of West- or North-African origin, but they carry Saudi passports and they are employed by slave traders established in Jedda and Mecca. They tour villages in the French Sudan, Niger, and Upper Volta, posing as missionaries whose aim is to encourage local Moslems to go to Arabia to perform the pilgrimage rites and learn Arabic, so as to be able to read the Koran, which, as the original word of God, is untranslatable. Free or cheap transport is offered, together with the prospect of employment in Arabia, the remuneration for which will cover the expenses of the return journey.

Entire families walk into the trap and are despatched across the continent, accompanied either by the recruiting agent himself or by a tribal subchief acting on the orders of his chief. Many chiefs collaborate with the slave traders and receive a cash commission on the recruits their tribal area supplies. Some even take along a party of slaves themselves when they make a pilgrimage, like Mohammed Ali ag Attaher, using them as human travelers checks in Arabia to cover their expenses. Transport is usually by truck, the commonest means of trans-African travel. A group of former German officers operated a shuttle-service of reconditioned British army trucks for this period for four or five years shortly after the war.

The future slaves are also shipped in small Arab craft, the French report continues, from Port Sudan or Suakin to a convenient point on the Saudi coast—frequently Lith, a tiny port just over one hundred miles south of Jedda. Here they are arrested for illegal entry into the country, and transported to Jedda to be claimed, in prison, by the dealer to whom they were consigned. The dealer pays the required "duty" on his imports and transfers them to his own premises.

The French embassy report names ten traders known to handle slaves from tropical Africa. Seven are residents of Jedda: One, a prominent local sheik, is a member both of the Jedda municipality and—conveniently for himself—of a semi-religious body which takes African pilgrims under its wing and instructs them in the pilgrimage rites.

The French colonial authorities, harassed by Pastor La Gravière, are now working on a scheme to winnow the traders' dupes from the mass of African Moslems who make the Mecca pilgrimage each year. This will be a delicate task and seems certain, in advance, to bring down the wrath of the Asian-African block on France once more; but it should reduce, if not block, the flow of human merchandise from West Africa to Saudi Arabia.

British officials employed until recently in the Sudan tell me they fear the southern Sudan may shortly replace West Africa as a major reservoir for the Saudi slave traders. Slaves in transit for Arabia, like Awad el-Joud and his companions, were able to embark from Sudanese ports, even under the eyes of a reasonably vigilant British administration, for the good reason that it was generally impossible for anyone to prove in advance that they would be sold into slavery. But, these officials claim, the traffic was at least kept to a minimum.

Now the Sudan is independent. Its foreign office is unlikely to be any more eager than was Britain's until a few months ago to pick a quarrel with the Saudis on this issue. Moreover, the "northerners" who dominate the new Sudanese state make no bones of their contempt for the non-Moslem Negroes who inhabit their "Deep South"—and who have already suffered in the past from northern slave-raiding expeditions. Stiffer French controls on the movement of pilgrims from West Africa will undoubtedly push up prices and make the traffic all the more profitable. Such checks as already exist in the Sudanese ports on the export of human beings earmarked for slavery seem likely, therefore, to lose even what little effectiveness they had in the past.

The Slaves and the Free

On the whole, slaves are reasonably well treated in Arabia—provided, in the words of the French report, "they resign themselves to their fate

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and submit body and soul to the desires of their master." They are undoubtedly better fed, housed, and clothed, and enjoy a slightly greater sense of security than the mass of free citizens in many of the Arabic-speaking states.

In countries like Saudi Arabia and Yemen the survival of the formal institution called slavery pales almost to insignificance beside the "permanent state of enslavement in which the quasi-totality of the population lives"—as an eminent Algerian Moslem, Dr. Abdel-Aziz Khaldi, has put it. In Syria, Egypt, and Iraq, the majority of sharecroppers and landless laborers, and even of the small, usually indebted, peasant proprietors, are still in a condition materially not far removed from serfdom. They must still perform many of the serf's duties towards their landowner or notable, but they lack the security that feudalism did at least provide: Unlike the feudal Lord, the modern Syrian or Iraqi notable can expel a peasant from his home and village without redress, or reduce at will the cultivator's share of the crop.

Many enslaved women undoubtedly enjoy more freedom than their free Arab sisters. Dr. Claudie Fayein paints this not uncharacteristic portrait of a thirty-four-year-old woman slave she knew in Sanaa: "She had been given to Princess Metilla, the king's sister, while still a child. She lived in the royal palace more as a companion and lady-in-waiting than as a servant." Apart from her inability to marry whom she might wish, a right possessed by very few Arab women anyway, "she was undoubtedly much freer than the ladies of the palace. She alone could leave the palace and visit me."

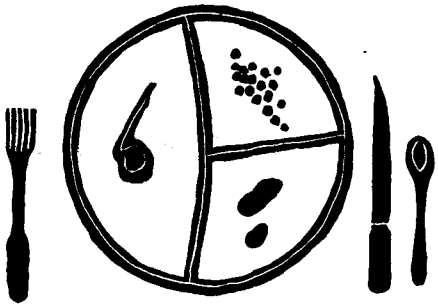
Paradoxically, then, enslavement for many African and Near-Eastern Moslems may mean liberation from the routine squalor, hunger, and insecurity of their normal lives. The British Anti-Slavery Society puts the number of slaves in Arabia at around half a million—roughly five per cent of the population. Concern for their welfare should not distract attention from the right to emancipation of the millions of men and women in Arabia and adjacent territories whose plight, superficially less compelling, is no less harsh.

A Quick Trip To Budapest

PAUL MOOR

For a short time last winter, if you acted fast, you could visit Hungary. It began when Ibusz, Hungary's national tourist organization, got around to responding to the spirit of Geneva by opening an office in the Kärntnerstrasse in downtown Vienna and offering trips to Budapest. It ended a couple of months later when the State Department, in protest against the arrest and imprisonment of Hungarian employees of the American Legation in Budapest, reinstated the ban on American tourist travel to Hungary.

Our bus left Vienna one Saturday at 6:30 A.M. After customs formalities at the border—cursory for luggage but almost a dismantling for the bus itself—we picked up the girl from Ibusz who was to shepherd the party to Budapest, and without further event arrived in the capital



about lunch time. Almost everyone had someone to meet him, and the tears that marked some of the reunions indicated separations of long standing.

Budapest looked almost gay in comparison, for example, to the grayness of industrial Leipzig or the awful, heart-sickening desolation of bombed-out Dresden. This is not to say that there is as much truth as ever in the old prewar Central European adage that Prague was the city to see, Vienna the city to live in, and Budapest the city for a good time; but eavesdropping on my fellow passengers—those who had not signed up for the trip to visit relatives—established that many of them were going to Budapest to eat and drink well on a brief, inexpensive holiday. They were allowed to bring two hundred forints each, the official exchange value of which is about eighteen dollars; but in Vienna two hundred forints could be bought at a rate that allowed a Saturday night on the town in Budapest for about five dollars.

War destruction in Budapest has almost disappeared, with a few exceptions such as the Elisabeth suspension bridge across the Danube, and the Burg, overlooking the Danube atop the hills of Buda, where the Wehrmacht fought a hopeless last stand that completely gutted the old fortress. The famous old Hotel Gellert, also a casualty, is back in operation and the last scaffoldings should come down soon. Of the famous hotels that once lined the bank across the river in Pest, only the Bristol (now called the Duna, or Danube) remains; the others are simply not there. There are not many ruins to be seen about the city, but there are quite a number of vacant lots.

Who Rides in the Buicks?

Russians—at least recognizable ones—are rare in Budapest. Who sits in the back seats of those sleek Zis, Zim, Tatra, and even (usually with names and insignia removed) Buick and Cadillac sedans that go cruising through the streets is another matter; among the many unconfirmable rumors one hears is that all the Ministries have highly placed Russians in advisory positions. I myself saw only one group of Russians—perhaps ten or twelve soldiers, in their soft black boots, long overcoats, and fur caps, slogging across Vorosmarty Square with the relaxed aimlessness of any soldiers on leave in any big city, except for one colorful note:

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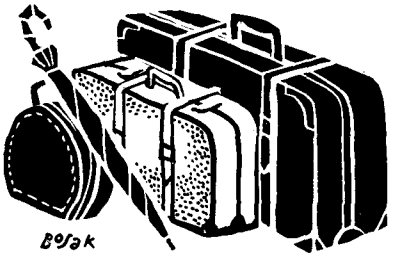
The last one carried, propped on his shoulder like a rifle, a guitar.

Uniforms are everywhere, most of them slavishly close to Soviet design. Many have nothing to do with the armed forces. Altogether the percentage of Hungarians in uniform in present-day Budapest is astonishingly high.

Other visible signs of Soviet influence are everywhere. Soviet films play in many theaters (the only



western films I could find were a few innocuous romances from France and Italy). Three bookshops, called "Horizont," are stocked with publications and recordings from the Soviet Union. I bought a book of Chekhov stories and three short novels by Turgenev, shabbily bound but handsomely printed on excellent paper and all translated by Maxim Litvinov's English widow, Ivy. I also bought an LP recording of Prokofieff's late oratorio "On Guard for Peace," which I listened to after surprising a salesgirl and a zooty young Hungarian in the listening booth, where they were bouncing up and down in a restrained sort of way to the strains of an obviously American-made recording of "Take Me Back to Constantinople."

ALTHOUGH both France and Italy maintain institutes that have libraries and present lectures, concerts, and other cultural fare, there is neither an American nor a Soviet equivalent. The U.S. Information Service library was closed in 1951. The American Legation has no press officer. However, window displays in the side of the Legation building—they were full of pictures of the latest American cars when I was there—attract a steady crowd all day, which is more than can be said for the displays from the People's Democracies in the windows of the Institute for Cultural Relations.

If you look for an English-language paper on Budapest newsstands, you have your choice between the London *Daily Worker* and the New York *Daily Worker*. If you know the languages, there are *L'Humanité*, *L'Unità*, and, of course, *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. There are also colorful, expensively printed, heavy-paper magazines from Red China, the Soviet Union, and the various other People's Democracies. When I stopped at a corner newsstand to purchase *Deutsche Demokratische Republik im Aufbau*, the newsdealer was just handing the customer ahead of me a periodical that he had extracted from an out-of-the-way cranny of his shack and folded together twice, the way Berlin and Paris newsdealers do when dispensing pornography. As the buyer fumbled with his money, I managed a glance at his prize. It was not pornography but a Mickey Mouse comic book with a French text. The newsdealer, flustered by my obvious curiosity, served me with a smile of anxious deference.

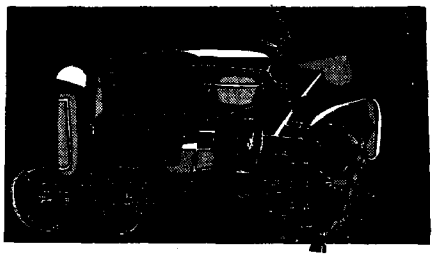
German is still the *lingua franca* in Hungary when dealing with people past a certain age, or sometimes French, or, very rarely, English. But they are all slowly being replaced among the younger people by Russian, the study of which is obligatory in the schools. Elisabeth Avenue now bears the name of Lenin, and Andrássy Avenue that of Stalin—at least it did when I was there. The famous old New York and Arizona Cafés, as well as Gerbeault's, all have new names. At the opera, the American naval lieutenant in *Madama Butterfly* is played perfectly straight—in fact, the words of the toast "America forever!" were sung, in English, with some fervor—but whereas Cio-Cio-San is ordinarily called on to give her little boy an American flag before she kills herself, what he gets in Budapest is merely a plain white flag emblazoned with an anchor.

The Writers' Revolt

The most recent big news in Hungary, which after long suppression finally came out in the open just before my visit, was the episode that came to be referred to as the Writers' Revolt. It all began last September, when *Irodalmi Ujság*, the Writers' Federation weekly, published a poem by a rising young poet named László Benjamin, in which he made fun of József Darvas, the Minister of Culture. Parts of the poem were too sharp to pass as kidding, and another in the same issue twitted Mátyás Rákosi, head of the party, by a nickname every Hungarian knows and many use, although generally not in print. Rákosi personally informed the Federation that it was failing to follow "the correct socialist line." At a session of the Federation on November 10, an open and obviously organized revolt against just this sort of ukase was led by a group of writers who were all honored party members, including a Stalin Prize winner. They collected a number of signatures to a petition they had prepared, and although practically all these signatures were subsequently withdrawn, the leaders themselves all refused to recant.

But then followed a meeting on November 28, at which the rebellion collapsed in the face of party charges that these "standard bearers of the state's enemies" had "put moral pressure" on and "terrorized" defenders of the party line. The petition had "questioned the right of the Central Committee to dismiss rightist opportunists from its own central organ, and to forbid publication in literary magazines of works hostile to party and people." They had, worst of all, "denied the necessity and right of the party to direct literature." The offenders would be "investigated," and there was a dark mention of "severe disciplinary action."

AND YET, less than a month after all this was finally published in the Federation's weekly, the newspapers



published deadpan announcements that Béla Bartók's gamy expressionistic pantomime "The Miraculous Mandarin" would be restored to the repertory of the opera company, and

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Imre Madách's dramatic poem "The Tragedy of Man" reintroduced into the State Theater. The reinstatement of these two particular works had been demanded by the writers who had led the rebellion. At least part of what they had revolted against was that kind of bureaucratic thick-wittedness that had kept "The Merry Widow" and other operettas of Franz Lehár unperformed and in disgrace in Hungary (Lehár, in a wartime maneuver to save his Jewish wife, had written a song for the Nazis) until a music-loving comrade returned from a visit to Moscow with The Word: Lehár was performed there quite regularly, so he must be O.K. The rebellious writers would seem to have won at least a partial victory.

CARDINAL MINDSZENTY, who was imprisoned in 1948 and convicted in 1949 on state charges of espionage and black-market currency maneuvers, was released last July. Although many western papers reported he had been pardoned or paroled, a more accurate translation of the official announcement would be that his sentence was "interrupted" on grounds of ill health. Where he went from prison was not made public. A Hungarian friar who fled to Austria in November said the Cardinal was living under what amounted to house arrest in the summer residence of the Bishop of Pécs, in southern Hungary, with no visitors except for his mother, who was allowed to see him four times a year. The simple expedient of the long-distance telephone elicits confirmation from Pécs church authorities that the Cardinal resides today in the bishop's palace at Püspökszentlászló, but the operator there says the palace is not receiving calls.

Hungary's Catholics, who comprise sixty-eight per cent of the population, cross themselves and lift their hats when passing a church, even in a streetcar. But those of their leaders who openly defied the new government have been harshly and effectively dealt with. Sixty-eight-year-old Archbishop Grösz, jailed in 1951, was released last October but remains completely out of things. One apparently reliable estimate is that fifteen hundred members of Catholic religious orders are serving sentences for "crimes" against "the workers' and peasants' state."

If Cardinal Mindszénty is incommunicado, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Field seem to have evaporated into thin air since their release in November, 1954. At that time their imprisonment was blamed on Beria's and Peter Gabor's skullduggery, and the

Fields, rather than return to the United States, asked for and received Hungarian asylum. When the American Minister and the Legation counselor saw them then, they were quartered in a villa whose address Legation officials decline to divulge.

Another result of Beria's liquidation has been the gradual official revision of the government's attitude toward the late Minister of Interior László Rajk. This dilemma has been exacerbated by Tito's return to favor in Moscow's regard, for the testimony that convicted Rajk was peppered with references to his "treacherous collaboration with Tito." Last December a commission of leading party jurists was formed to "redraft" the sentences passed during the Rajk trials. Rajk was hanged in September, 1949, but he has recently been restored to grace and during the last couple of months several of the men convicted with him have been quietly given their freedom.

The Farm Problem

Agricultural collectivization, that thorny problem which has caused so many headaches to Communist authorities everywhere, was largely responsible for the ouster of the comparatively liberal Prime Minister Imre Nagy last April. Party chief Rákosi, whom Nagy had succeeded as Prime Minister in 1953, threw him out for "rightist deviationism." Nagy's paramount error was allowing disgruntled farmers to resign from collectives. At the height of this policy, fifty-five per cent of the farmers chose to return to private farming. Hungary's collective farms claimed 500,000 workers before Nagy began sanctioning resignations, but only 280,000 by the end of 1955. Agricultural Minister Matolcsi now says that by 1960, thanks to the reinstatement of a more exigent policy, the "overwhelming dominance" of the socialized faction will have been achieved. This is characteristic onward-and-upward Communist optimism: At present less than one-third of Hungary's arable land is collectivized. The Minister earnestly stresses that this will be achieved only by the stimulus of propaganda and the inspirational example of the co-operatives themselves; cases where force sometimes supplemented sweet reason in last year's recruitment drive of peasants seem to have been severely dealt with as lapses into "leftist deviationism."

The Minister says bluntly that the kulaks—the richer farmers—present a more difficult problem, and admits that the law is already being invoked against some of these. He also admits that the kulaks still number about sixty thousand, or roughly the same as the census figure of 1949, before the all-out effort toward collectivization began.

'. . . that's Fit to Print'

The press, following usual Communist procedure, regards its function as education and indoctrination rather than giving old-fashioned bourgeois news. Accidents, fires, robberies, murders, and the other staple sensations of western daily journalism almost never get into print. But one thing the new régime has had no noticeable effect on is the traditional Budapest penchant for sardonic commentary on topical matters. A few weeks ago, a bus plunged over a bridge into the Danube. According to *Szabad Nép,* the party newspaper, the bus had finished its shift and the only casualties on board were the driver, who had been out boozing all night and had gone to sleep at the wheel, and the conductor. The very next day, a new joke was going around: St. Peter, after receiving the drowned driver and conductor, banged the Pearly Gates on several dozen dripping straphangers behind them with the remark, "Stupid people—they obviously don't read *Szabad Nép.*"

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Although programs of the Voice of America and of Radio Free Europe are jammed, listeners in Budapest enjoy fairly clear reception of stations in Austria, Germany, Italy, and even the American Forces Network station in Stuttgart. Considering the percentage of Hungarians who understand German, this amounts to quite a breach in the Iron Curtain. For that matter, there is almost always one R.F.E. wavelength or another that is not jammed, the customary explanation for this being that the government itself is interested in what is being transmitted.

Making Haste Slowly

I was told by Hungarians of various classes and callings that both economic and political tensions have recently been somewhat relaxed, beginning by and large the day of Stalin's death. For one thing, there has been a notable relaxation of secret-police arrests, a decline in what one Hungarian matter-of-factly referred to as *terroristische Methoden,* which he pantomimed by crossing his wrists as if in handcuffs. Rationing has been dispensed with, although the same effect is obtained by putting sky-high prices on food items in short supply. A housewife said meat could be served in most households only once a week, unless one had connections with farmers. Restaurant food is good, varied, and not too expensive, but even the most thorough search of the nationalized wineshops will not unearth a bottle of unadulterated Tokay, that heady Hungarian specialty which all goes to the export market now. Leather, as everywhere in eastern Europe, is scarce, and a good pair of shoes is something one must save up for a long time.

Budapest's women still try valiantly to maintain that chic for which they have been celebrated, but the windows of the shops in the once swank Váci-Utca display mostly wares of visibly second-rate quality; the shops themselves have almost all been nationalized. The owners of those still in private hands are subject to such taxation that it is only a matter of time before they succumb.

And time, it would appear, is on the side of the government.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Good-by to a World

—memories of being nineteen in Paris

MAY SARTON

I LOOK BACK on that winter in Paris as one might look back on a period of illness or even insanity, or perhaps simply as one looks back on oneself at nineteen. It was the winter of 1931-32, and my parents were to spend it in Beirut at the American University, while I was by my own choice left in Paris to fend for myself, to study theater, and (it was supposed) to take advantage of the monuments of civilization that lay all around me. There they were, the Sorbonne where I might have studied, the museums, the libraries, the cemeteries—I stood before them like a cat with one paw raised, unwilling to step into cold water. I did nothing wise or sensible. I simply lived in Paris. I wandered about, ardent and hungry, picking up whatever was accidentally brought to my attention, tasting it and then wandering on, casual and solitary, always it seemed on pavements with a film of damp over them, my feet half frozen, wearing my only respectable garment, a purple corduroy suit, with a copy of Baudelaire —bought for five francs at a stall— in my purse. I read this, as perhaps it should be read, on benches here and there, in cafés where I was suddenly too tired to walk another step. Whatever I learned, I learned, as Henry James put it, from the "rich ripe fruit of perambulation." It was Paris by osmosis.

Of course I had to live somewhere, and the somewhere turned out to be Montrouge, a workman's quarter, just beyond the Porte d'Orléans, for a friend sublet me his apartment there, on the Place Jules Ferry, where there were a few blocks of modern apartment buildings. My place, in one of these, was like that whole winter, curiously empty and curiously crowded. It was chiefly a studio, empty except for a large glass bottle made into a lamp, a mattress on the floor beside it, a phonograph, and some records—my friend was a dancer. The living quarters were on a small balcony above this chill vacuum, and they were extremely crowded, containing as they did a bed, a desk, bookshelves, chairs, a fireplace, all in a small space. A tiny kitchen and bath opened off on one side of this balcony, and on the other side it gaped draftily onto the unheated studio. This strange apartment was on the ground floor, and I lived there acutely aware of every footstep on the pavement outside. I was lonely at first, and frightened.

THE CHIEF trouble with living in this quarter was simply that the Métro shut down at midnight, and if I went to the theater or was out with friends, there was nothing for it but to take taxis, and my budget hardly allowed for such extravagance. But living on the Place Jules Ferry had one great advantage. There was market once a week, just outside my door. On that day I woke to the sound of wooden trestles being put up and the harsh cheerful cries of the vendors, and I woke up in a village. And as in all such markets, you could buy anything from rubber boots or a sweater to cheese, vegetables, meat, and fish. When I emerged with my basket, it was into a friendly busy talkative village scene, and I was welcomed. *"Hé, mon p'tit, v'la le meilleur p'tit tricot vous verrez de vot' vie—ça tient, tu sais, ça ne s'use pas,"* the ever-hopeful sweater woman yelled from across the square. My best friend was the egg man who handed his

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customers a little basket and said in the softest voice, *"Choisissez, Mademoiselle—un p'tit oeuf à la coq, rien de meilleur, n'est-ce pas?"* I was fond also of the cheese woman with whom I had long talks about which was superior, La Vache Qui Rit or La Vache Sérieuse at twenty centimes more. It was 1931, and the franc, believe it or not, was at roughly thirty-five to the dollar. I bought eggs, cheese, sardines, tomatoes, and always a bunch of flowers—bunches of cheap marigolds or daisies, and once in a great while, early in the month, roses.

WHAT ASTONISHES me now, surrounded as I am, as we all are, by a network of responsibilities, is

the utter freedom of that year, the freedom not to do as well as the freedom to do. I spent hours listening to records, writing poems and letters, keeping a rather helter-skelter journal, or just lying on the mattress in the studio, feeling happy, feeling unhappy, romantic, directionless, ready to veer with any breeze. I was, of course, making vague attempts to learn about theater. I got permission, for instance, to visit the rehearsals of the Compagnie des Quinze, then in its first burst of glory, and preparing for a season that would include Obey's famous *Noé*, and to visit rehearsals of the Pitoëffs whom all Paris adored, though I, insensitive perhaps, could not share the enthusiasm for Ludmilla. I saw a great many plays, for Jouvet and Valentine Tessier were playing at the Champs Elysées and Dullin at his "Atelier" (in a wonderful production of *Volpone*). I went back three times to see the haunting, hieratic Marguerite Jamois in Gantillon's production of *Maya*, the prostitute who became the incarnation of each man's secret dream of woman. But the thing was, of course, that I was burning to act myself, not just watch others perform, watching them as I did with the sour, absolute, critical eye of inexperience. "Where is the theater?" I cried disconsolately, brushing all these riches aside.

I wanted to break in myself. Secure in the armor of ignorance, I cooked up a wild scheme and dashed off a letter to Lugné-Poë. I suppose that Lugné-Poë at that time might have been compared to a combination of Belasco and the entire Theatre Guild board of directors rolled into one: Entrepreneur, director, actor, it was he who had first introduced Paris to Ibsen, who had founded and directed the Oeuvre Theatre, and who even then kept consistently in the *avant-garde*, discovering a new playwright or a new star each season. His name was still magic in the Paris theater. It was magic to me for a rather curious reason. For I had, three or four years earlier, fallen in love with the tiny Vuillard portrait of Lugné as a young man, the face bending over a desk, the cap of black hair, and the whole stance (only the shoulders, head, and hands being visible) suggesting intensity of a very high voltage. I knew also that he had played Solness in Ibsen's *Master Builder*, and my letter was a barefaced request that he revive it and allow me to play Hilda opposite him.

Of course I never really expected any result from this piece of effrontery. It was the kind of letter you write when you are nineteen and suspect your grandiose schemes of being exactly what they are, screens against despair. It was like the poems I was writing at the time, a way of persuading myself that I existed. So when the public phone in the hall rang a few days later, I went quite calmly to answer it. A deep masculine voice asked for me by name and then said, *"Mademoiselle, vous êtes folle,"* but then invited the mad demoiselle to come and have a talk at his office in the Rue Turgot; it was, of course, Lugné-Poë.

THE RUE TURGOT was in a section of Paris I had not yet explored, and to get there I had to change two or three times in the Métro, so it seemed quite an expedition when I set out the next morning. I suppose that if I were to choose one single thing that would restore Paris to the senses, it would be that strangely sweet, unhealthy smell of the Métro, so very unlike the dank cold or the stuffy heat of subways in New York. The smell of the Métro is more than a smell: it is an aura, an emanation as powerful and unlike any thing else as is the breath of a cow, and to a lover of Paris it is intoxicating. I was properly intoxicated when I finally emerged into that warm sunny November day, into a quarter I did not know, on my way to meet the man of Vuillard's portrait. The Rue Turgot is a dingy little street with the usual cold façades that open into courtyards, the usual little shops, shoemakers, or mustard vendors, and when I came to the number I had been given, I looked twice because nothing here had the faintest resemblance to a theatrical producer's offices.

A little boy in a black apron and sabots was playing with a bucket and shovel in the courtyard. I peered up a dingy staircase and then turned back to ask where I could find Lugné-Poë. "M. Lugné is not here yet," the little boy answered in a high soprano. It was warm, and I was tired. I sat down on the stoop beside him, and for some reason I have forgotten put the pail on my head for his amusement. I was sitting there in that ludicrous position when the child nudged me and said, *"Voilà!"* Lugné-Poë wore a large black hat and seemed enormous and formidable. He did not look amused as he glanced at us. He was followed by a male secretary carrying two briefcases, and they disappeared up the dingy staircase while I received the full impact of my own foolishness and arrogance and would have liked to melt away. But the

whole thing had been a dare to myself and I had to take it. I followed them up the narrow dirty stairway to the second floor. The door was open. It was always open, for the office was so small and so packed with books, papers, magazines, and

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files that there was barely room for Lugné-Poë in his big black leather armchair and for his roll-topped desk stacked with piles of dusty telegrams. (They were all from Duse, relics of Lugné's management of her South American tour, as I learned later.)

I sat down without courage and endured a long piercing glance from those black eyes. Then we both laughed, and I found myself talking with him, quite frankly, quite simply, as if he were an old friend. It was an examination, but at a certain point in the examination I knew that I had, for some quite unknown and perhaps fantastic reason, passed. During the course of it, he told me that I had the face of a writer, but not, he would think, that of an actress; he had found out that I wrote poems and demanded that I send him some within a few days; he had told me that if I was determined to try the theater he would see if he could get me a walk-on somewhere, and meanwhile that we would keep in touch, that he would not forget me. While we talked, the secretary popped in and out from the back room, getting more and more exasperated, because he was trying to reach Ruth Draper for Lugné, and had been given a wrong number. "Try 92-91," Lugné would say, and then when that did not work, "Well, try 19-29," and while they worked at this hit-or-miss system, I could look at the big man who sat so relaxed in his armchair and who did not resemble the Vuillard portrait at all. The young man Vuillard caught thinking would never open a huge mouth and laugh that formidable, devouring laugh; nor did the man in the picture look like an elephant, as Lugné-Poë, with his great sensitive nose, his immense forehead and small sardonic eyes, certainly did. He was altogether smaller and tighter, the man in the portrait, than this creature on a huge scale, so avid for life, so generous in his welcome to it in whatever form, even in the arrogance of the young.

When finally I was out on the street, I did not know whether I felt more deflated, reassured, befriended, or challenged, but surely some of the loneliness had been lifted away. He did not forget me, for he had, as I was to learn through the years, a genius for "keeping in touch" with those he had chosen, or who had chosen him, all over the world. And what a company it was, international by the accident of birth, but closely allied in that they

were all actors, playwrights, poets, all in need of his laconic "Bravo!" telegraphed from Oran to New York, or his "Look here, my child, despair is not our genre. Besides, you cannot disappoint me. We have work to do, you and I."

He did not forget me in that first winter of our still tentative friendship. I was summoned to attend a dress rehearsal with him, or just for a talk in the little office, or for his suddenly shy, always perspicacious comment on a poem. I would not admit that I was to be a writer and not an actress—that would take six more years—but since I would not admit it, he was willing to wait and believe in what life itself would do. And meanwhile he was educating me, thrusting a play in manuscript into my hands, insisting that I read and perhaps even translate Lenormand, always divining the moment when the little donkey I was needed a carrot.

And I was learning in sudden flashes. I had never heard the word "surrealism" when I went to the first showing of Cocteau's film, "Le Sang d'un Poète," but the shock of beauty and strangeness produced in me a riot of conflicting emotions that were acted out before my astonished eyes by that first audience in no uncertain terms. All during the film people shouted insults at each other, got into actual fist fights, subsided, whispered furiously, walked out, came back, by the intermission were mortal enemies, and by the end were magnetized by their quarrels into knots of gesticulating furies in the lobby. I had not realized what a passion for art and for ideas exists in France until that evening, and it was exhilarating, though the film itself continued to trouble me, and still does.

By the middle of the winter, I had established certain relationships and had a few real friends. One was Mary Chilton, who lived in a pension on the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, where I had stayed briefly before getting settled in Montrouge. Mary Chilton was studying at the Sorbonne. She was seventeen, shy, intensely serious, and studied late into the night. I used to pass by the pension on my way home from a theater or from those interminable discussions at the Café du Dôme a few blocks away, and if Mary's light was still on, I would throw pebbles at her window and she would come down and unbolt the door and let me in. Then, at midnight and into the small hours of the morning, we would sit and talk by her open fire. I admired her tremendously. She was, I sensed, a true intellectual. She had the distinction of extreme sensitivity with a hard, disciplined core. We enjoyed each other because we were so different. She was following a definite program of reading, for instance, while I picked up books here and there in the stalls, and made sudden discoveries that I could share with her. When I think of that winter in Paris, it is Mary who first floats before my eyes, the stillness of the night, her soft voice, her dreadful pallor, for she was actually seriously ill, though we did not know it. Our two solitudes never quite merged, perhaps, but accepted each other gratefully. She represented for me a kind of innocence and depth that I, in my new-found sophistication, so unsophisticated really, felt I had already and forever lost.

For while she studied, I danced, or went to the theater or to the Médrano Circus with other less dedicated friends. The Fratellinis were playing that winter. Who will ever forget them? One was the classic clown straight out of the *commedia dell' arte,* tragic and beautiful, with

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his stark white face under the white conical cap, red tragic mouth, surprised doleful eyes, his brilliant spangled suit with a round white collar, his white shoes and socks. Their act began with his entrance on a prolonged trumpet fanfare. Then suddenly he was standing before us, absolutely still, and slowly lifted his arms straight out in a wide stylized gesture of—was it acknowledgment of the roar of applause or a kind of ovation to the joy of what was to follow, this grave, this noble gesture? It made a kind of tremor run through the audience, and on the current of that tremor the two other brothers, the grotesque ones, ran in, one in the guise of a horse perhaps, his immense flopping shoes showing beneath, the other in a worn top hat playing a tiny violin. They had the indefinable magic quality I have only seen once again,

in Harpo Marx. They came from another world, dancing and playing and inventing their preposterous jokes, and whatever they did was magic.

MY OTHER great friend was also American, a young stage designer whom I had known at the Civic Repertory Theatre where we had both worked the year before. She lived in an attic room at the Hôtel Foyot. It had a slanting roof and its window opened onto the tower of the Palace in the Luxembourg Gardens and its comforting clock face. When we had been out too late for me to catch the last Métro, I sometimes stayed the night with—let us call her Helen. We ordered scrambled eggs and coffee sent up from the restaurant downstairs, where we could never afford to eat a real meal. Always short of money, we used quite often to have supper at a café near the Odéon, eggs again and a salad. Then we would make a brief appearance at the Cochon de Lait next door, and order (to the undisguised horror of the waiter) nothing except coffee and mousse au chocolat. What barbarians we must have seemed, and in fact were! Our idea of a really good drink was that perfect period piece, the Alexander cocktail.

We were enamoured of another period piece, the indestructible

Stroeva, who sat on a high stool, in a tuxedo with glittering studs, and sang sentimental French songs in a heavy Russian accent, accompanying herself on a guitar. We were a little late, for she had enchanted Scott Fitzgerald's generation and it was they who hummed those tangos—"Tu Sais," for instance. During that winter Stroeva sometimes appeared at music halls like Bobino's, which we could afford, but more often at an intimate night club on the Right Bank near the Opera, which was outside our sphere in every way. It must have been embarrassing to her to see us arrive night after night during the period of our infatuation, in the same suits, one purple, one bright green (everyone else in evening dress, of course), take the same table, pay the minimum charge for a bottle of champagne, and sit in an intoxicating silence, broken only by our frantic applause at the end of each number. But we were Americans, and Americans were scarce that winter. We were treated with admirable courtesy.

There were less embalmed evenings when we danced to an accordion in the joints on the Rue de la Montagne, where the customers were not Americans but regular Parisian toughs and their girls, leading from the hip and bending their *mômes* far back in the tangos we all loved. There I went with a Dutchman, bespectacled and earnest, who watched me and the French with the cool eye of an anthropologist at large, and whom I remember with gratitude because he gave me as a parting gift his heavily underlined copy of Gide's *Nourritures Terrestres*. ("All the tiredness in your head, Nathanaël, comes from the diversity of your riches. You don't even know which among them all to choose, and you don't understand that the only riches is life itself. Nathanaël, you must burn in you all the books.")

THERE WERE moments of immense excitement when, after spending an hour browsing under the arches of the Odéon bookstall, I ran off with my prize "to burn it in myself" in the Luxembourg Gardens—a worn copy of Colette, Péguy, or Stendhal, or Joubert, the leather binding falling apart, or the poems of an unknown who turned out to be well known and whose name was Valéry. There I sat in the shade of chestnut trees, late into the autumn, while the leaves whirled up in eddies around me, cutting the pages, stopping to look out at the high plume of the fountain and the children sailing their boats in the round pond at its feet. I cannot ever go back without remembering that here I first read Stendhal, here Péguy. Everything I saw around me flowed in and out of the printed page, the wide sandy paths where mothers and children and old men take their places and become part of the formal pattern as if they were kings and the mothers and children of kings, the serrated palaces of leaves in the air over those truncated busts of the Queens of France, and over it all the ever-changing mountains of cloud, the Alpine scene which melts and reforms all day over Paris.

LIKE SO MANY other Americans and English who have made up a Paris of their own, this was my Paris, but it hardly was a Frenchman's, and

I knew almost no French people at that time. Like nearly all Americans that year, I was poor, for it was 1932. Our personal letters were full of sinister news of jobs lost, of businesses closing down, of men selling apples in the streets. But by a curious stroke of fate, I did not lose a job that year but was offered one, as general organizer (I had no title and invented my duties as best I

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could) of the apprentice group at the Civic Repertory Theatre. The small salary was more than I had ever had to spend, and seemed a munificent prospect. Besides, it was what I most wanted to do, and I could go to Lugné-Poë in triumph and tell him that it was, after all, to be the theater.

But the job was still a half year away, and at the end of each month Helen and I were always flat broke, always in debt, and cooking up schemes for existing until next month's check arrived from our families at home. One of these schemes has stayed in my mind as, in some way, the essence of that irresponsible winter. In a moment of desperation, we decided to pawn the various objects of value that Helen's admirers had given her over the years. In Paris where life is so highly individualized, it came as a shock to discover that pawning was official business, conducted by the government in an institution that resembles both a prison and a bank. The walls were bare; there was nothing to relieve apprehension except a row of *guichets* that looked like ticket windows in a small New England railroad station. All around the walls sat silent pale-faced people who might have been prisoners about to go on trial. They waited with tickets in their hands. We were subdued at once by the atmosphere and took a last hunted look at the gold compact, the cigarette case, the silver mesh bag that we hoped would make us solvent again. They were duly passed in by Helen to a man at a ticket window, and we sat down clutching our tickets and feeling more and more like criminals. Presumably while we waited some bureaucrat noted down the objects in a great ledger, pausing with his pen in the air, as they all do, and for some reason fashioning each letter just above where it would go down before writing it in. Presumably several corridors away someone else in a Prince Albert coat put a magnifying glass in his eye and assessed the value of each object. At any rate, whatever was going on behind the blank wall took an unconscionable time. But at last our number was called and we were filled with a wave of hope.

What was the clerk telling us? And in such a severe tone of voice, too. "These are worth nothing, Madame. I am sorry."

"But the silver mesh?" Helen managed to protest.

"An imitation."

"The gold compact?"

"Silver gilt."

We gathered up the poor familiar objects which had lost all their glitter in an instant and slunk out of the door. Then Helen laughed, a bit ruefully no doubt, but she did manage to laugh.

We came out into the early spring air, the damp streets, the flower woman at the corner selling narcissus and mimosa in those flat reed baskets from the south of France. We came out into the trembling rainbow atmosphere, and it all swept over us as if we were seeing it for the first time. John and Arthur, or whatever their names were, those faithless swains who had given Helen silver gilt for gold, were brushed aside, and we consoled ourselves by buying a small bag of marrons glacés with our last few francs. After all, we were in Paris, and it was a lovely day.

THE OTHER IMAGE which remains with me as an essence of that time is quite a different one. It was a day of national mourning, the day of Briand's funeral. Whatever his blunders, his sentimentality, his old-fashioned sense of the destiny of France as a civilizing power, his belief that war could be "outlawed" by a pact that rested on the moral force of world opinion, when he died even such ignorant, self-absorbed young people as we were felt a kind of premonition, the shadow over the sun.

All along the Champs Elysées the lamps were lit, and each shrouded in black gauze. All along the Champs Elysées the people had gathered. People who had made expeditions from the suburbs with their children, people who just happened to be passing by, people moved by the desire to see a parade, foreigners, French, we all waited restlessly as the traffic was detoured and the wide avenue became suddenly empty and still. For such a crowd, we were curiously silent. We shuffled, we waited, a father scolded a little boy who wanted to be picked up—*"Mais, voyons, il n'y a rien à voir."* Then, far off, we heard the drums, then the slow march as the bands began to play. The Garde Républicaine's helmets caught the light and flashed in the distance, then went by, the guards holding their horses at a walk, the bits jangling. Battalions of soldiers followed, still in horizon blue (it was the last time we were to see it), and finally the casket itself, draped in the tricolor, moving slowly enough so that the dignitaries walking at its side could keep in step, the French President and the Cabinet, the foreign ambassadors, the generals. Each time as the casket itself reached a group on the sidewalks, a kind of sigh went over. We were saying good-by to a world, and strangely enough, for that brief moment, we knew it.

THE PARIS of that winter seemed empty to me, and I felt for years afterward that I had wasted it. Now it seems very full. It is already the past, the irrevocable past. Mary Chilton died that spring, quite suddenly;

Lugné-Poë, just before the fall of France; the last of the Fratellinis has gone. Good-by, my Paris. But who is nineteen now, sitting in the Luxembourg Gardens, creating a world within that world and testing the "rich ripe fruit of perambulation" in the ancient ever-renewed and renewing city?

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MOVIES: Big Screen, Little Imagination

MARYA MANNES

WHAT MAKES the pupil of the imagination expand or contract? A big screen or a little screen, or what is on the big or little screen? The winter has abounded with paradoxes, optical and intellectual. We have seen a wide screen add nothing to the dimensions of "Oklahoma" and "Guys and Dolls," for instance. We have seen "Richard III" far more splendidly on the big screen than on the home screen. And we have known moments on television where twenty-one inches opened up a world of thought and feeling.

Now we have the new, the third Cinerama, "Seven Wonders of the World," just released in New York and soon to be seen in Detroit, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and Dallas as the best example yet of how a medium with breath-taking potentialities for widening vision has been the victim of shrinkage through the offices of its producer and chaperon, Mr. Lowell Thomas.

Check Your Imagination Here

"Wonders" begins, as have the preceding Cineramas, in the study of the commentator-guide; a room full of souvenirs of his travels and signed photographs of the great. We see this over-life-size image of success, we hear the hearty, assured, and overamplified voice telling us what is in store for us on this odyssey among the world's miracles, the culmination of a long-held dream and years of technical effort.

Here is the salesman of distinction, the regular guy, the representative of the world's chamber of commerce, who wants to take the whole nation where he has been and show them what he has seen. This is the man with the glorious new money-making toy that lets you be Marco Polo without leaving your chair or smelling the drains of Benares: the magic that can make vicariousness experience.

In this opening sequence, Thomas tells us of the six ancient Wonders of the World that have vanished, and shows us in their stead paintings of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and the Colossus of Rhodes that would have warmed the heart of Alma-Tadema. And then, at last, he says, "This is Cinerama!" and the giant screen explodes into a golden panorama of the Egyptian desert and the only remaining classic "Wonder": three perfect triangles against a limitless horizon, and the huge Sphinx, lapped by sand.

So freed is the eye from the constraints of small frames, so beautiful and releasing is this world of light and heat and history, that the heart leaps with pleasure. Surely this *is* experience.

And then we are back in New York and flying under bridges and over water, and everything would be wonderful if Mr. Thomas were

not by our side and in our ear wherever we go: the commentator without comment and traveler without viewpoint, the voice of the common man. What should be a voyage of discovery and evocation becomes a guided tour where, hustled from souvenir to souvenir and sight to sight, the imagination becomes nothing more than baggage, to be checked in the hold.

THERE ARE, without question, moments that no one can spoil, thanks largely to the photographer, Harry Squire, who knows what the Cinerama camera can do if the script permits. The rippled patterns of sand dunes in the rolling green wilderness of South American jungle; the "lost world" escarpments there, with their gauzy, plummeting falls; the saffron robes of the priests against the hoary desolate gray magnificence of Angkor Wat; the skyscraper city of Shibam in Aden, white and secret; the emptiness of the Arabian Desert; the magnificent tall Watusi leaping with spears in the Belgian Congo—these and a number of other sequences excite the eye with a beauty no other medium can convey, and give an idea of what it could become in the hands of an artist and a philosopher. Yet even with these, the travelogue clichés (remember Fitzpatrick?) roll on relentlessly—"and now we leave"—"wonderland"—"ancient lore"—as we fly from continent to continent, tourists on a planned cruise.

Sprucely Through Benares

For no matter where we go with Cinerama, the show has been set up for us. "In the spring of the year," says a release, "the crew arrived in Japan. [Director] Walter Thompson was ready for them there with a story that would capture the tradition and delicate loveliness of the Orient." In a Japanese garden, full of the expected blossoms, we must watch twenty coy geishas dance and smirk in an endless sequence of prettiness, and we are treated to numerous shots of cute little costumed Japanese children posed on bridges or clamoring around G.I.s; a postcard Japan. At the Taj Mahal we must follow a self-consciously loving Indian couple as they walk arm in arm along the formal pools, and watch a "colorful" Sikh on a balcony silhouetted against the distant view as he holds a red flower in his hand. In Benares we must, of course, see a snake charmer and temple dancers, and in Rio, naturally, a carnival. And nearly always we must see our guide, spruce and confident in his light suit and broad white hat, The Man Who Was There Before. And we cannot help but wonder whether the wonders of the world do not

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include people—unposed, unplanned, untidy. Only the animals are allowed spontaneity, and they are magnificent in their wild state.

THE FOREIGN part of the cruise ends with a real spectacular: a papal blessing in the great square of St. Peter's in Rome, and the ceremony inside the church. This has all the magnificence of the actual occasion, lacking only incense and the emanation—at once physical and emotional—of the crowd. It will exert a powerful influence on Catholic audiences, for the face of Pope Pius—delicate, remote, yet encompassing—is at times brought so close that his benediction seems a personal one. And yet this observer, who is not Catholic, felt that the profound ritual in St. Paul's and this intimacy with the person of the Pope were somehow not fit subjects for a guided tour, and that the presence of Cinerama cameras was an intrusion if not a sacrilege (in spite of the fact that Cardinal Spellman made it possible). And the most revealing elements in the whole sequence were the faces of the men in the church procession as they passed by the cameras: grave looks all, ranging from deep distaste to scorn to unease to dismay at their nakedness in a moment like this. If this is not an affront against religion, they seemed to say, then it is against dignity and against aesthetics, for even the technical paraphernalia of Cinerama must have been an eyesore on this perfect square.

Bedazzled now by the foreign wonders, the tourists are brought back to native ones. "Director Thompson," the release continues, "was now taking care of the wrap-up, guiding a Cinerama caravan across the United States. We see the remarkable oil wealth of Texas and the famous beauties. We see the genius of American industry, and we see how American technology has made a better life for all." We also see a "typical" American mother preparing an outdoor meal on a hillside as her seven "typical" children come running up crying "Hi, Mom!" and as she, in a little dialogue with Lowell Thomas as spontaneous as a TV commercial, refers to them as "*My* seven wonders!"

And we end with redwood forests and uplifting words and music to tell us what Americans should be grateful for, lest we forget our heritage in the glitter of alien bazaars.

THE OVERWHELMING pity of it is that there is so much that is exciting and beautiful in Cinerama and so little that is done with it in terms of revelation. I should like to see some of the present footage of Cinerama and a great deal of the discarded footage assembled into a new whole by a man of talent and vision and, above all, attitude, who could make this an odyssey of the imagination instead of a souvenir hunt.

He would, I think, use for his text some of the imperishable words written by writers and poets of all ages about the wonders of the world; he would be silent a good part of the time, allowing the camera to tell the story; and when he used music, it would either be indigenous—whether pipe or gourd or drums or human voice—or orchestral music which in mood or origin would best accompany and intensify the visual image. We have men in the documentary field equipped to make Cinerama more than a series of quick kicks, a visual orgy.

But unlike Mr. Thomas, they would expect intelligence and discrimination in their audience.

A Troubled Crusader In the Holy Land

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THE TRUE CROSS, by Carlo Scarfoglio. Translated by Frances Frenaye. *Pantheon. $3.95.*

Read against the background of the current Middle Eastern crisis, Carlo Scarfoglio's historical novel on the last years of the Kingdom of Jerusalem and the failure of the Third Crusade has overtones that perhaps do not properly belong to it.

This responsible chronicle seems to be telling us about the death throes of the Latin Kingdom in the Holy Land, the onslaughts of Saladin and his Moslems, Knights Templars slaughtering under a banner of love, the tangle of despair, boredom, idealism, heresy, power hunger, and feudal disintegration that sent hosts of Franks, Italians, Burgundians, Normans, and English clashing not only against Arabs but also against each other in a land that was not theirs.

The reader's mind, quite independently of the author's intention, substitutes Nasser for Saladin, and Glubb (ex-)Pasha for Reynald of Châtillon, and—strangest substitution of all—the present-day Israelis, multinational in origin, for twelfth-century Christians. The Israelis too are trying to hang onto a nation carved precariously amidst Islam.

Scarfoglio's novel reminds us again that terrestrial claims to the Holy Land rest on celestial arguments. From Biblical times to the present, so many peoples have occupied this area that it is bewildering to establish any territorial title in terms of priority or length of possession. Curiously, this author who is so scrupulously even-handed in dealing with Saracen and Christian (" . . . two equally honorable creeds . . . two equally chivalrous bodies of knights") has only a few gratuitously slighting remarks to make about the handful of Jews who remained in Palestine during the Crusades.

A YOUNG Italian knight, Guido, is the narrative eye through which most of these turbulent events are witnessed. "His heart was cruelly torn between the two contradictory principles that underlay the crusades—the law of Christ and the law of perpetual war against the pagan world." Guido's family are Amalfitans who, like the Genovese, Pisans, and other Italians, are tied as much by commerce as by piety with the

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coastal cities of the Levant. Guido comes to Acre and joins the Knights Templars. Although momentary victory is won, the ferocity of his military-monastic order, its secret pagan rites, its sodomy and holy blood lust, repel the young Italian idealist. "The crusaders had received plenary indulgences in return for taking the Cross, and this tempted them to vices and excesses of every kind."

Falling away from the Templars, Guido gropes amidst various heresies —Manichaean, Paulician—and only when the Third Crusade dies in a fen of contradictory ambitions does he find his spiritual bearings. Tormented by the realization that the maintenance of the Latin Kingdom in Palestine meant ". . . the literal acceptance of a perpetual state of war as the natural Christian condition," Guido comes to believe that only with the collapse of this Christian state would its true character emerge, ". . . a sacred and knightly mystery that could not endure beyond the spiritual reasons that brought it into being," as only in death does a man assume his essential shape, "free of all empirical accretions."

With no fealty now other than to this dream, Guido is thrust from despair to grace and has a vision of the coming of St. Francis, "the new Christ" who would ". . . bring to wounded hearts a balm compounded not of violence or science but of love, the only force capable of creating new forms for men to cherish."

Guido's path to this illumination is by way of mortal sin, the murder of the woman who has been living with him. Like Dante he must pass through the nethermost circle where Satan is frozen in ice before he can begin his long ascent. His illumination, as in so many quests of this nature, coincides with his death. The doctrine offered is obviously redemption through degradation.

As with so many historical novels, even such superior ones as Marguerite Yourcenar's *Hadrian's Memoirs* or Robert Graves's *I, Claudius,* this book suffers from a constant vacillation between the evocative character-focused concerns of the novelist and the fact-chronicling and theoretical interpretations of the historian. Indeed, Scarfoglio is at his best when he relinquishes any pretense at novelization and writes straight, if imaginatively endowed, history. He gives us, in Frances Frenaye's excellent translation, convincing images of the fall of Jerusalem, the siege and counter-siege of Acre, of techniques of medieval warfare, and detailed accounts of the rivalries amongst the various crusading chieftains. The only cure for scurvy was the touch of the English or French king's hand, but ". . . there was much argument among the soldiers, for the English maintained that the King of France had no such miraculous power, since it was inherited along with the English crown." Richard Coeur de Lion had lost interest in the crusade anyway. Suspected of having made a deal with Saladin, he was more eager to get back to England than cure sick soldiers by the laying on of mailed hands.

Novels of this kind make us think again about the various uses of the past. There is a past, of course, but since it is knowable only through a present, and since that present is ever changing, the past is ever changing too. History is not only the lie agreed upon that Napoleon called it; it is also the truth agreed upon, but a truth contingent and nervous, a thrush ready to dart off at any moment.

Historians and romancers of history are not in conflict, but their obligations, as Mark Van Doren has pointed out in these pages, are surely different. What the real "truth" is—or whether there is a real historic truth available outside these ways of knowing—is a problem that must be left to the epistemologists.

But a historical novelist must pull his reader into the stream of events, convince him by immersion. While the historian is more likely to stand on the shore where he may survey the source and possibly the destination of the current, the historical novelist is always under the pressure of trying to say at one and the same time, "This is how it was" and "This is how it is." He must make dead bones dance. If the enterprise rarely succeeds, we may be forbearing toward any sincere effort to expand the realm of the novel beyond its usual acreage of tiresome little obsessions.

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The Poetry Of Failure

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE FALL OF A SPARROW, by Nigel Balchin. *Rinehart. $3.75.*

The odds may be overwhelming that a novel about a man "who never had a chance" will be a dreary one, but there is no such thing as a sure bet, and it certainly doesn't work out that way this time: *The Fall of a Sparrow* is brilliant and entertaining.

Jason Pellew—Jason of the golden fleece—a little man and too handsome, learned to lie even before he learned to speak. This he had to do because his father was a lunatic and a tyrant—a first premise and a dull one straight out of the psychiatrist's book of case histories. Jason had a rough time of it at his British public school. There, too, he had to lie and cheat: He was caught eating coconut ice under a tree when supposed to be out for football. As every reader of British novels and memoirs knows, British public schools are filled with louts and bullies. That too fits into the case histories. In Cambridge the usual pansies got after Jason but a girl got after him harder, who was a fine girl but who worried all the time about peace and war and the fascists. This was England in the 1930's. So she took Jason with her to heckle Mosley's black shirts at their meetings in the London streets and then she sent him off to the Spanish War. The big war came and Jason was very brave indeed until he broke down, but when the war was over Leah, his girl, was not there any more to look after him. She had entered the war herself because she was tired of hearing people say that Jews wanted other people to do the fighting for them, and she had been killed in a port somewhere on the Continent as a British agent. And so a rich Rolls-Royce woman took him for a joy ride and dropped him, and then he wrote bum checks and stole. And so he ended in jail. All the while—a further casebook premise—he had been looking for a father, and even when he found a good one, the narrator, he kept thinking about his real father, and so he could not be a good son to the substitute father and the lies got worse and worse. But there was no use telling the judge that the psychiatrists could explain everything away, and that they alone could make repairs. A promising theme for a novel? Lord!

The Open Road

Nigel Balchin has made a sparkling novel out of it. When a man can tell a story, it is no longer of any importance whether or not the argument sounds like a case history: No matter how predictable everything may be within Mr. Balchin's theory, every incident and every character is freed and made unpredictable by his art.

And so at the very start Jason's father is not just the psychiatric cause for Jason's lies and weakness. He is a retired British general throwing teacups against the wall, and assuredly he must have had a father, too, or the First World War may have been too much for him, but why he is crazy is not explained at all because there is no need to explain a man who is so vividly alive. It is the same way with the bullies at school who give Jason a well-deserved hiding for his refusal to take the school world seriously. In the usual casebook histories the bullies are simply types; in this novel they proceed to have lives and careers of their own, and they meet the test of the war each in his own way.

In the case histories the narrator has no life of his own removed from the couch. At his least objectionable he narrates; usually he spoils things by heavily underlining the obvious. But Henry Payne, the narrator in this novel, is no analyst writing up his notes. His life is not devoted to

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the study of Jason. He is not obsessed by Jason. He is a busy man, and Jason forces himself upon his compassion—but only at intervals and only the way it would be in life. Jason is no more than an old schoolmate who is always in trouble. And so the narrator—Jason's father image and all that—is also a man with a life of his own. His own troubles count. The part he takes in the war counts very much to him. It also adds greatly to the absorbing interest of the novel.

Here again incident succeeds in escaping theory. At a secret base in England Henry Payne is giving resistance leaders and British agents an intensive training course in parachute jumping. When his pupils leave the base on their missions he never hears what happens to them. Sometimes he goes to the airstrip at night and watches one of them climb into the Wellington. The farewells are simple. He does not wait for the take-off. Driving back to his quarters, he hears the planes pass overhead. Yet somehow in these brief passages—the somehow is art—there is more of the war, more of terror and heroism, than in most of even the good war books.

Everything is unified, the war and the years before the war, Cambridge and Spain, and the childhood Henry and Jason spent together. When Jason is flying off from London on his brief and pitiable interlude of prosperity after his ensnarement and marriage to the Rolls-Royce woman, the narrator, watching the private plane rise into the night, remembers those war nights when he listened to other planes carrying men off on their missions. And he remembers the moment when Jason could not take jumping any more—he had been on too many missions.

The novel ends where it began, with Jason in court standing at attention, speaking only the one word "guilty" while futile counsel for the defense prattles of Jason's war record and his gift for keeping good friends, saying that Jason has been very foolish indeed but implying that it would all not have been so regrettable had Jason's father not been a British general and had he not gone to a good school and the university. The judge puts Jason away for a year, and Henry says that Jason never had a chance. It was hopeless—"Yes. Right from the start."

Perhaps it was, but the dreary implications of predestined misery surprisingly enough do not prevent *The Fall of a Sparrow* from being a stirring novel. Nigel Balchin has written it as if anything could have happened.

Book Notes

AT HOME IN INDIA, by Cynthia Bowles. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.*

In 1951, when Cynthia Bowles was fifteen and learned that her family was going to India, her first reaction was one of disappointment, reluctance to leave home. But it turned out to be a happy journey that she made from Connecticut to Delhi, where she proved as good an ambassador as her father. Now at only nineteen, with humor and candor she tells the story of her experiences.

She describes the Public School at Delhi, where at first she talked American slang, incomprehensible to the Indian girls, and they at first would talk only about Hollywood to her. It was difficult to become used to having so many servants, and she was embarrassed at the display of diplomatic luxury, kept though it was at a sensible and tactful minimum. She dressed in Indian clothes, lived on vegetarian food (she was sentimentally fond of barnyard animals anyhow), and visited Gandhi's village of peace and hope.

A practical idealist, she decided that to share in Indian life on however small a scale would be to contribute, and she did hospital work. She learned Hindustani as "a child's language, filled with slang and wrong verb forms, but it was a bridge between myself and the children, and that was what was important."

She built many bridges into many worlds, but she was young enough and human enough not to be insensitive to criticism. She resented both being stared at (as a girl) and misunderstood (as an American). She spent a week in a nursing community, where the students had to battle constantly against the force of entrenched superstition, to teach the fundamentals of nutrition to people who believed not only that babies fed in accordance with modern principles would bloat, but that for girl babies to be fed at all was something of a waste.

At Santiniketan, the university Tagore founded in West Bengal, she participated in a cultural program. "It was not especially easy to enjoy the heaven, while blissfully ignoring the many around us who could not share it with us." So reasoning, she returned to America, to prepare for a career in public health in India. As a first step toward the erasure of misconception, she has volunteered this intelligent and discerning little book. "A knowledge and awareness that most people everywhere share the same dreams would do much to further sympathy and understanding in the world. From understanding will come friendship. Our great hope is that from friendship will come peace."

MIRACLE OF WORLD WAR II, by Francis Walton. *Macmillan. $7.50.*

In the stress of wartime, most people are so absorbed in military activities that they seldom realize the tremendous scale of the battle of logistics that must be won in order to assure victory. Here at last is the fascinating story of how American industry made victory possible. The author has done an excellent research job of co-ordinating thousands of facts about hundreds of industries, and he presents them in an absorbing manner. Here are facts that are largely forgotten, such as President Roosevelt's ever-increasing goal for the production of planes. Here, too, are many facts and anecdotes that were not known at all, hidden as they were by wartime censorship. Ships and planes, machine tools and shoelaces, were all vital in winning; manpower and womanpower, teamed with American technical ability, did a stupendous job without which this nation could not have achieved victory. Anyone who played even a small role during the war will gain a new perspective on the importance of his work from this book. Those whose memories are short will enjoy reading a vital chapter of history.

Mr. Walton has undertaken a monumental task. The result is an interesting, absorbing, and important volume.

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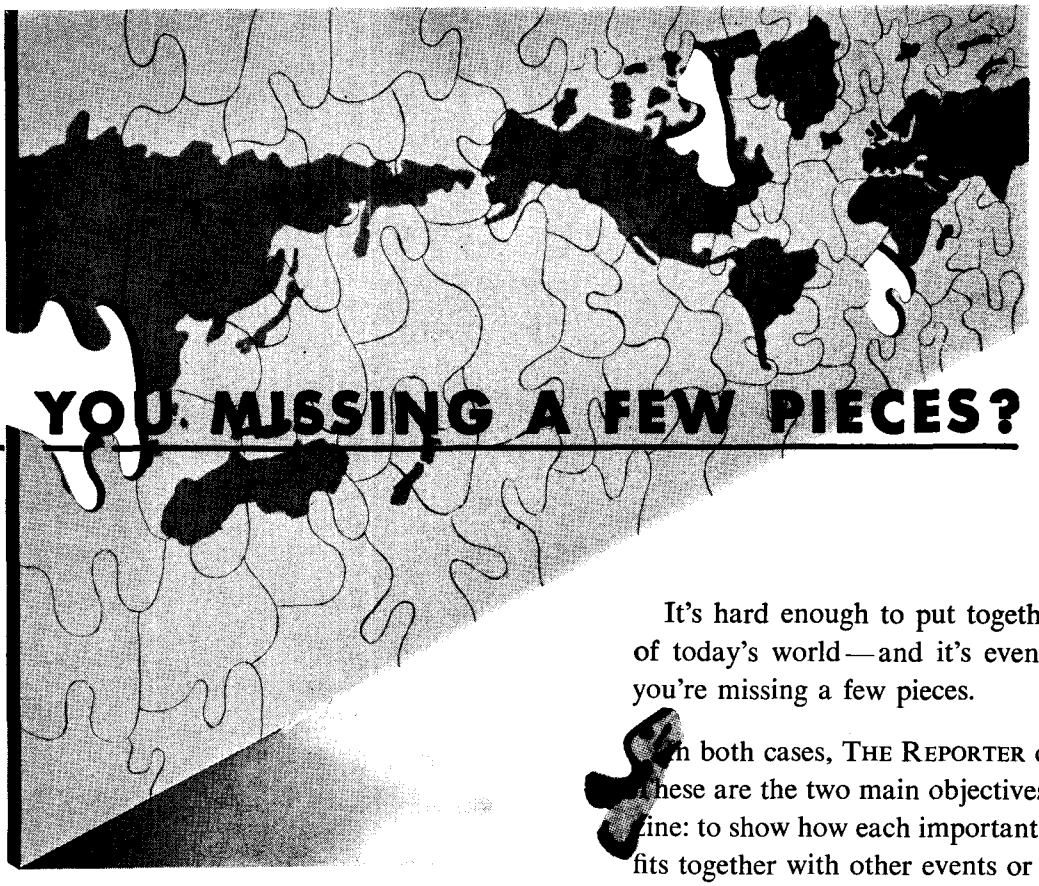

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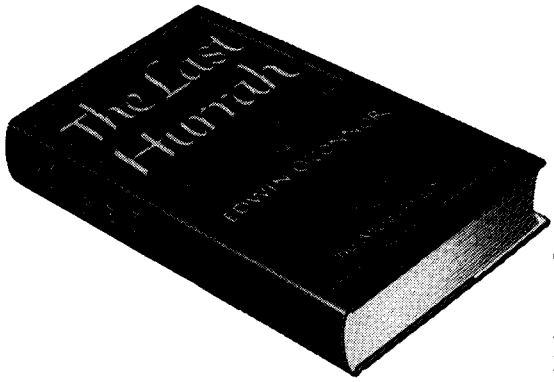

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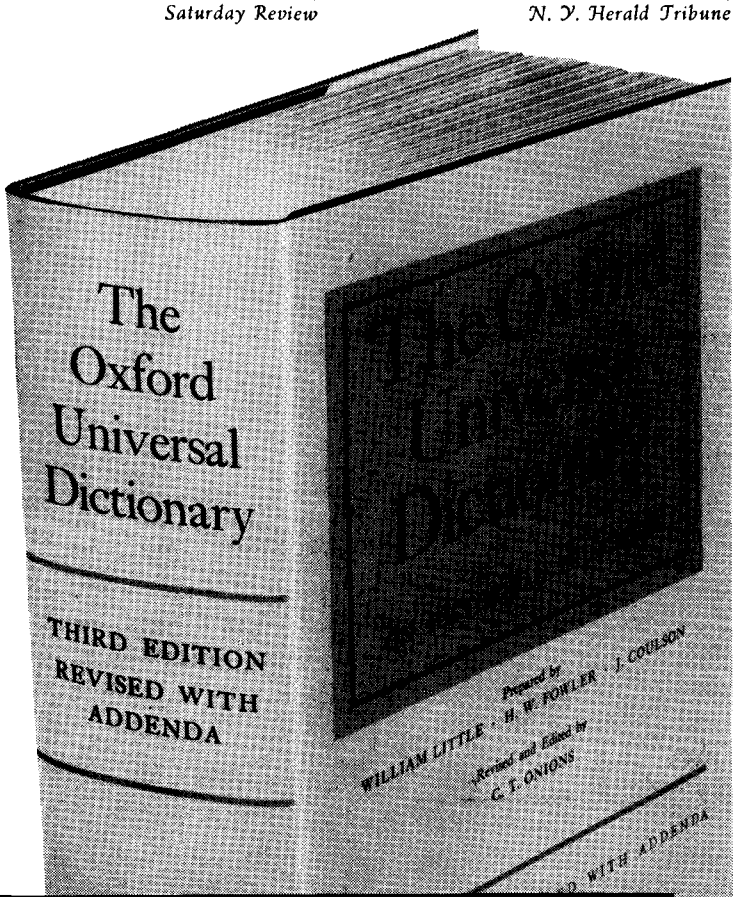

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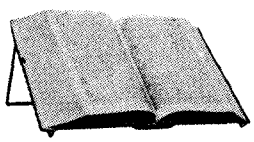

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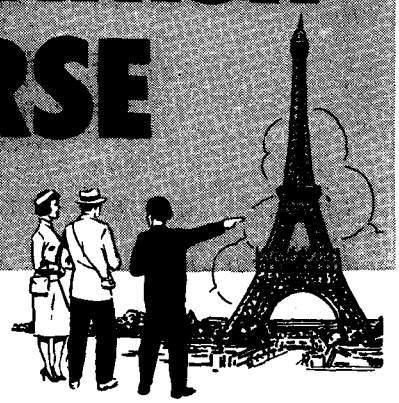

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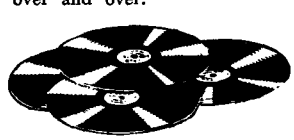

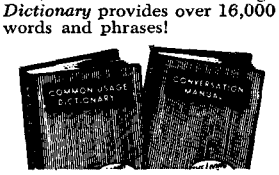

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